# THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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## ALLEN, LARKIN, O'BRIEN.

### Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs Celebrated by a Vast Assemblage at Central Music Hall.

#### A Night of Patriotic Songs and Speeches—Presentation of a Hiberanian Tricolor to the Clan-na-Gael Guards.

It was a magnificent audience that assembled at Central Music Hall on last Saturday evening, the twenty-seventh anniversary of the execution of the young Irish patriots, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, to commemorate that historic event. Every one of the 2,500 seats in the great Music Hall were occupied. The Clan-na-Gael Guards, numbering about 200, in their gray uniforms, with white crossbelts and helmets surmounted by green, white and yellow plumes, marched in and seated themselves in a circle round the hall. A company of them occupied the platform, on which were also seated Frank Agnew, P. V. Fitzpatrick, John S. Mullen, William Gavin, P. H. Keenan, J. E. Finnegan, J. J. Mahoney, M. J. Kelly, Capt. M. J. Punch, Lieut. T. P. O'Donovan, A. L. McCarthy, John Briody, W. H. Lyman, Bernard Mahon, Thomas H. Cannon, Rev. Dennis O'Brien, P. L. McArdle, E. J. McArdle, John Buchanan, Maj. G. S. Carroll, E. H. Condon, Rev. P. O'Connell, Rev. T. P. Hodnatt, John Dowling, Charles F. Clark, John T. Connery, T. H. Clifford, D. Enright, Rev. J. N. Scanlon, Maj. L. R. Buckley, Daniel O'Connor, and many others. The portraits of Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, surrounded by American and Irish flags, hung over the stage.

The president of the celebration committee, John J. O'Mahony, opened the meeting by introducing as chairman of the evening Patrick H. Keenan. On accepting the gavel the chairman said: I feel flattered and honored at being chosen by the committee to preside at this magnificent meeting, and doubly so on account of the cause we meet here to commemorate. Your presence here in such large numbers shows that the love of the old land still burns in Irish breasts. It shows that the principle of an independent Ireland, for which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien offered up their lives, is still a cherished impulse and a burning ambition in the hearts of the great mass of the Irish people. It shows that today, almost thirty years from the time when these men met their doom at the hands of their country's oppressors, their devotion and sacrifice has ennobled and sanctified in the minds and souls of the majority of the Irish race the cause for which they died.

Prof. Purcell sang, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" Miss Margaret Sullivan, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. E. J. Fitzpatrick, "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," and George Callaghan, "Eileen Aroon." There were recitations, "The Muster of the North," by John L. O'Connor, and "The Siege of Cremona," by Miss Capernia Temple. The latter responded to an encore with "The Bells of Shandon," half sung, half spoken.

Mr. M. V. Gannon, representing Mr. Frank Agnew, then presented the Clan-na-Gael Guards with a handsome "Irish Tricolor"—green, white, and orange—the gift of the *Irish Republic* staff, of New York. He said: "It is the oriflamme of Ireland. It does not represent any of the bitter memories begotten by the battle of the Boyne. We cherish the memories of the glorious host of Protestant Irishmen from McCracken to Parnell (applause), who gave up home and friends in order that their Catholic fellow countrymen might enjoy the blessings of real liberty. The green speaks of a nation of saints and sages, of the dungeon and exile, and of a race scattered the world over, that refuses to consider itself conquered. The white speaks eloquently of the union of all hearts and hands. Keep the flag, Clan-na-Gael Guards, and we are sure no stain will ever come upon its folds, and if in the providence of God it will be in the struggle that will surely come we are sure it will be borne in the thickest of the fight. (Applause.)

Maj. L. R. Buckley, in accepting the flag, expressed the thanks of the Guards to the donors.

The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh delivered the oration of the night. After the presentation of the flag he was introduced to the vast assemblage.

Judge Kavanagh spoke of the heroism, the patience and the patriotism of the three martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien. How fearlessly they faced the crowd anxious for their deaths until even a wave of pity swept over their enemies. He described the last farewell to each other, and that last cry which shall re-echo in Irish hearts while one shall beat true to the Motherland, "God Save Ireland!" He said that this was but one of a thousand similar tragedies, and these heroic men were but types of their race. Without these recurring acts of heroism and suffering Irish freedom would never come, because these incidents kept alive in the Irish hearts the fire of freedom. Year faded into year, generation followed generation, and every year and every generation through seven long centuries Irishmen had hoped for liberty. The young man went on into age, and at last the grave closed over him with the wish of his heart unfulfilled. His son hoped on and died, but the prayer for his country's freedom was unanswered. The hope was as strong today as when the banners of Red Hugh shone upon the mountains, or when at night the rebel Clans gathered in the Wicklow mountains. Was there not something marvelous in this sublime faith, something prophetic in that unequalled endurance?

Two things, the speaker said, are immutable and unconquerable—truth and freedom. From age to age the nations marched along always to a higher civilization and a better condition, but after all the guide boards which directed the triumpnal processions were the tombs of their martyrs. It was time for the Irish people to stop and read the inscriptions. What path are we following? It was time for us to come face to face again and confer with each other. It is evident that some mistake has been made, and we are not going in the right direction. Eight years ago the Irish race presented the most unique and yet the proudest spectacle in modern history. Scattered the wide world over, differing in social condition, in religion, in most things upon which men may differ, still they were united as never a race was, yet united in a common effort and a common aspiration—the freedom of their native land. The whole world was moved by the spectacle, and gave it admiration and encouragement. It would be a pleasant thing to say that the same conditions still existed. Our first duty is to be honest with each other. "Do these conditions exist now?" the speaker asked.

It is useless to deny that the same enthusiasm does not exist today. It is worse than useless to mention that we are united. What was the reason for the change? We have been pursuing a partial remedy for the evils which afflict Ireland, and in the chase have lost sight of the main end to be obtained. In our struggle to obtain home rule we have in a measure abandoned the thought which has kept alive the spirit of Irish nationality through seven hundred years, given courage to the soldier in the field, to the martyr upon the scaffold and to the exile in his poverty, the sentiment which has enobled above all others the Irish character, and given dignity and honor to the race. It should never have been forgotten that the ultimate end and object of all national endeaver should be the utter and absolute independence of the Irish nation. So long as one nation takes its laws from another unwillingly the nation so governed is not free. And nothing short of absolute freedom will satisfy the Irish character or stop the struggle in which already has been offered such countless treasure and and so many incomparable lives. It was not that mere authority be given poor law guardians or a little more power be exercised by other local bodies that Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone or Emmet died. No, it was that their country might take her place among the nations of the earth.

The speaker went on to say that he did not wish to be understood as antagonizing home rule. It was an excellent thing, a thing much to be desired. The evil lay in the fact that many considered it all that was to be desired. As a matter of fact the end of the struggle would come when Ireland as a nation stood altogether separate and independent of Great Britain, and not before. It is this fact alone which has kept the Irish people bound up through the centuries, and which lost sight of through a couple of years has deadened the national enthusiasm and weakened its effort. It seems as if some of the Irish people have wearied of the effort—have gone upon the theory that "half a loaf is better than no bread." They must understand that they are not the only ones who have a voice in this matter. The Irish race all over the world, the generations of Irishmen yet unborn, the souls of the great and mortal ones who have gone before, have a valid right in the matter, and no compromise which will bring present ease to this generation now living in Ireland will suffice unless it brings with it lasting honor and perpetual freedom. Another thing! The Irish race in America have followed the lead of their kindred at home in all things, and accepted their leadership. They have supported them in every undertaking with a generosity that has elicited the admiration of the world. They will continue to do so. But the people at home must quit fighting each other.

We will listen to the voice of the whole Irish people, but we are tired of factions. They owe it to themselves if not to their history and their race to get together. If any man's personal ambition gets in the way they should kill the ambition and set aside the man. We are met with the argument that the independence of Ireland is impossible. That England is a nation of forty millions; that she is the richest empire on earth; her morning drumbeat follows the sun upon its course around the world and her sails whiten every known sea. In her very vastness is the secret of her weakness. Every mile of coast needs a guard, and every merchant fleet requires a man-of-war. Tonight the Russian army is encamped about Herot and the shadow of the Cossack sentry as he marches past the watch-fire falls upon the gate of the Indies. She fears but she dare not complain. She sees the danger but she dare not lift a hand. During two hundred years she has not unaided faced a European power. Only twice in two centuries has she without allies faced a white man on the field of battle. The first experiment ended when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword at Yorktown, and the second was proven a failure before the cannon of General Jackson at New Orleans. Great Britain is not strong; she is the weakest of European powers. She is strong against the Egyptians, the Hindoos or the Chinese. She dare not meet one of the great civilized powers.

I cannot believe, the speaker said, that Irish nationality is an European dream. There is a certain logic in the history of every nation which leads up to and explains existing conditions. In the history of Ireland there is not a single event which is not consistent with its ultimate freedom and inconsistent with any other result. Her soil has lain fallow through seven hundred years, her vast mineral resources are undeveloped, the genius of her people has been fettered, and only absolute separation can remove the ban. So many of her great men have believed in it, have given their lives for that belief that there must be justification in the theory Else all the martyrs' blood is valueless and God is not God. The ultimate freedom of the Irish race is a challenge to the justice of heaven.

We are twenty-five millions strong; there runs in our veins the same blood which dyed Limerick's walls, which won fame at Fontenoy and turned the whirlwind of battle with Sheridan at Winchester. Who dare say that in the future when the great European struggle comes we may not foot to foot and breast to breast upon a fair field prove to the world against the old foe that the blood of our race flows still strong and undefiled as in the old days, that Ireland owns yet her place among the nations of the earth, and that the hope of her martyrs was a prophecy from heaven, "God Save Ireland."

Mr. John J. O'Connell read an address, which was adopted by acclamation. The remainder of the programme was as follows:

Song, "The Memory of the Dead"..R. E. Hardie
Piano Selections, Irish airs.....Miss Helen Byrne
Recitation, "Famine of '81".....Jos. P. Hafferty
Quartette—"Kathleen Mavourneen".....
.....Russell Brothers
Song (Selected).....J. J. Phelan
Reading of Address.....J. J. O'Connell
Recitation, "98".....Patrick Feary Barry
Quartette, "Give Me My Own Native Land."
Miss Margaret Sullivan, Mr. Hugo Franzen, Mrs. P. H. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Joseph P. Kuhn
Song, "Come Back".....Mr. Murphy
Song "I Heard a Voice in the Tranquil Night".....Mrs. J. C. Fitzpatrick
Song, "There's Just as Good Men Come From Ireland Today".....John Dromey
Bagpipe Playing.....Professor Tooby

#### OH! TELL ME.

(*Western People, Ballina, Ire.*)

Oh! tell me are the skies so blue
In the land as of yore;
Do the valleys wear that verdant hue
They once so proudly wore;
Do zephyrs o'er her mountains sigh,
Can pilgrims' eyes see still
The fern leaves on the mountain high,
The heather on the hill.
Do rivers run through forest dun,
Or by each castle hold,
With pattering feet and cadence sweet,
As in the days of old?

Tell me if yet round towers stand
In silence to proclaim
The glory of an ancient land,
The splendor of her fame;
Can men still see the wrath so green,
The abbey, lorn and lone,
The holy well in glen serene
And quaint Druidic stone;
The castle eaves, where ivy leaves
Sole crooning in the blast,
O'er bright hope fled, brave chieftains dead,
And relics of the past?

Oh! tell me, are the maids so fair
As in the long ago,
With laughing eyes and raven hair
To set one's heart aglow.
Say, have they still the modest grace
And blushes like the dawn,
The beauty of the classic face,
The meekness of the fawn;
Or are they true, dear land, to you
As they who scorned the frown,
The ruthless sword of Saxon horde,
By Limerick's leaguered town?

Oh! tell me, if the grand old names
Have magic power still
To kindle freedom's sacred flame,
Like Baal fires on the hill.
The saintly Laurence, brave Red Hugh,
O'Neil, of famed Tyrone,
And Sarsfield bold, and Emmet true,
Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone,
And all who died in manly pride
On scaffold or in fray,
To save the Isle from foemen's wile,
Or shatter foemen's sway?

Oh! tell me, if the night be done
And daylight's on the strand,
And if a summer's lustrous sun
Shines on a risen land?
Have voices from each hill and glen
Taught men to do and dare,
The path to thread, the goal to win,
The glorious crown to wear?
If so, may soon a glorious noon
Our aspirations hail,
And men acclaim, in freedom's name,
The triumph of the Gael.

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## CHINESE SOLDIERS.

### A Famous Russian Traveler Describes the Characteristics of the Chinese Army.

#### He Says They Know Nothing at All About Firearms—Scarcely One-tenth of Them Know How to Shoot.

In the *Historical Magazine*, Grum Grijmailo, the famous Russian traveler, describes in a masterly way the typical characteristics of that portion of the Chinese army, the men of which are called "Yoons," or the bravest. His remarks are, of course, of peculiar interest at the present time, and are in part as follow:

"Chinese soldiers march anyhow. Their armament is in the highest degree varied; one has a rifle; a second, a sword; a third, both rifle and sword; a fourth, a spear; in fact, so diverse is their armament that it is impossible to describe the numerous variations. The non-commissioned officers possess revolvers and swords, but the officers are entirely unarmed. At first sight this seems remarkable, but one speedily becomes accustomed to this characteristic peculiarity of the Chinese army; the more so when one suddenly recollects that the greater number of Chinese officers receive no special training in the knowledge of their duties, and that scarcely a tenth part of them even know how to shoot. . . . This latter is still more remarkable, but is nevertheless a fact. Shooting with the bow, on horseback and on foot, fencing, and skill in carrying and hurling weights—such is the syllabus of the present imperial examination for the highest grades, that is for Doctors of Medical Science. As regards the lower grades, they are recruited from the servants of the commanders of army corps, from grooms, and from men condemned to military service by the civil mandarins, and are still less adapted for their position than are the higher grades. Furthermore, persons rarely attain the higher military offices, who, although not educated in the Chinese sense of the word, yet nevertheless, having long served in the ranks and therefore having become acquainted with a soldier's life, are well acquainted with the merits and defects of those parts of the army among which the greater part of their life has been passed. Various utterly senseless acrobatic feats (for instance, they turn somersaults, in order to deceive the enemy by a pretended wound, and simultaneously enable them to touch him with their long lance; or, still better, compel the feeble infantry to attack and deal blows with their exceptionally heavy and long spears), roaring to frighten the enemy, certain strange dances at stated intervals, in which unaimed fire is carried on, solely to create a noise; in fact, even in the present day, the chief importance is attached to bows, pikes and halberds.

"Such are the chief elements of instruction of the army. The parades are characterized by the quantity of ornamental arms and frequent genuflexions. An immense number of glittering banners, the moans of the rebecks, the yells of the soldiers, their whimsical grimaces, or, on the other hand, their stealthy crawling towards an imaginary enemy, all this throws into ecstacies of delight the appointed military inspectors and corps commanders, who naively imagine that the whole range of military science is included in such childish folly. Besides, even such instruction as this is only given to the old militia. The Yoons receive no instruction at all. It is sufficient to glance at their rifles to be convinced how utterly helpless such troops would be against a well-armed European adversary. The soldiers have no knowledge of cleaning and examining their rifles, and certainly carry out no instructions for their preservation. It is enough to say that the soldier does as he pleases with his breech-loading rifle; he shortens it by cutting off a piece from the breech or muzzle, uses it as a handspike, or by tieing two rifles together forms a litter. The rifles of the Yoons are covered with rust; frequently the back and fore sights are broken off, for the western Chinaman does not understand their use, and finally their barrels are bent and in places indented. The Yoons despise the breech-loading rifles, they do not know how to handle them, and look upon the new importation with suspicion: 'We knew how to shoot from the old rifles, but are afraid to from these,' they frequently complain, and we must admit that their complaints are not unfounded. The *armes blanches* of the Yoons are perhaps worse than those of any wild Negro tribe in the interior of Africa. If to all that has been said we add that the soldier continually exists in a half-famished state, the chronic diseases from which the greater number of men in each company suffer, and the moral enervation due to idleness and opium, it is not difficult to understand what a pitiable spectacle is presented by a detachment of such warriors.

#### William Penn and Peter the Great.

Henry Latchford, one of the cleverest newspaper men in the country, well known as a brilliant Irish wit and keen social writer and thinker in Chicago, Baltimore and Boston, contributes a sketch to the December *Arena* which is one of the best things that has appeared in magazine literature in a long while. It describes an imaginary transaction between William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and Peter the Great, the brandy-drinking autocrat of all the Russias. In this fantastical drama in retrospect Peter decides to stay on in Deptford as a shipwright and abdicate in favor of Penn. The influence of Penn's mild and humane government on the civilized world affords Latchford's fancy and grasp of social history the fullest possible scope. It is a fine performance.

#### CLOSED WITH ANOTHER BANG.

Our Home Rule Chief Secretary condescended to receive a deputation from the Dublin Corporation, who urged him to give the Irish people a practical proof of the sincerity of the union of hearts existing between them and the Liberal government and its English supporters. The favor asked was the release of the political prisoners. The report of the interview does not state that honest John Morley wore a green necktie or exhibited "the green flag" which he "nailed to the mast" some time ago. When he received the deputation, which consisted of the Lord Mayor and five members of the Dublin corporation, the green flag was, it appears, conspicuous by its absence, and Mr. Morley sought in no way to conceal his views on the subject of amnesty. He was as frank as he was brutal. He told them he was as responsible as the Home Secretary for the continued imprisonment of the prisoners, and he had no hesitation in declaring that in his opinion their incarceration should not be terminated. He informed them that those who believed he had expressed a different opinion when the Liberals were out of office, put an erroneous construction on his words. His opinions on the question of amnesty are unchanged and unchangeable. Although some of the prisoners were indicted for breach of the Treason Felony act, yet they are dynamitards and not political prisoners, and being Irishmen, they must suffer much longer terms of imprisonment than Englishmen convicted of dynamite outrages or conspiracies! Mr. Davitt and others among the Irish allies of the Whig government have again and again declared that some of the prisoners were entrapped by spies in the pay of the Whig ministers; but Mr. Morley—our own heaven-sent ruler—disbelieves all such statements, and bluntly tells the members of the deputation, and through them the Irish race, that the Irish political prisoners in English gaols do not deserve and need not expect mercy at the hands of our Home Rule government. Asquith closed the prison doors with a bang and Morley says he was right in doing so, and that Asquith did not bang the doors with greater force and determination than he—Morley—is prepared to use and display. And this is the statesman who was to rule Ireland in the way Irishmen themselves would rule their country later on! This is the Englishman whom the seceders regard as the deliverer and liberator of their country! This is the man who was to imitate the example and follow in the footsteps of Drummond in the administration of Irish affairs. Yes: this friend and protector of the grabbers, the heartless and brutal gaoler of the Irish political prisoners, and the bitter and avowed opponent of religious education, is the statesman before whom the Irish race have been told to fall down in political adoration! How long will the Irish people tolerate such heartless and insolent conduct? How long will they permit their representatives to support a government that has shelved home rule, protects the grabbers, and replies to Ireland's demands for amnesty by insolently closing the prison doors with a bang? Our so-called National members tamely and cowardly submit to the insults and injustice of our Home Rule government, and it is well time for the Irish people to proclaim in trumpet tones that they will take the necessary steps to convince Mr. Morley and his colleagues that they will not be permitted to continue to outrage Irish feeling with impunity.—*Dundalk Democrat.*


#### The Place of Torment

Of bilious people is chiefly in the region of the liver, but with the extreme discomfort located there are associated sour stomach, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, morning nausea, an unpleasant breath, furred tongue, sick headache, and irregularity of the bowels. For each and all of these unpleasantnesses, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a swift and agreeable remedy. It is greatly preferable to any vegetable purgative or drastic mineral cathartic. Such pseudo-specifics usually do more harm than good. In malarial complaints the liver is always involved. For such disorder, as well as for rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a benign remedy. Physicians strongly commend it for its promptitude and thoroughness, and professional approval is fully justified by public experience during more than a third of a century.


#### Tipperary's Bad Harvest.

The Nenagh correspondent of the *Independent*, writing on Nov. 3, says: "Succeeding an abnormally fine autumn we had a most remarkable change in the Nenagh district this week. The genial, summerlike weather we had been experiencing for weeks past suddenly and quite unexpectedly gave place to snow and rain and storm of midwinter severity. What with the local snow-capped mountains, inundated low-lying lands, upturned trees, and scattered agricultural produce, the whole aspect of the country has been astonishingly changed in the short space of a couple of days. The wealth of foliage that still lingered with us, although summer had long passed and autumn was fast merging into winter, has been completely swept away, and there is a cheerless change on all sides. There are many indications of an exceptionally seyere winter, and already in the course of the week now closing we have had an undesirable foretaste of this predicted harshness. It is a matter for some congratulation that the season's agricultural work had been almost completed, except as regarded the getting out of potatoes, which, by the way, are a very poor, bad crop, and indeed the agricultural return generally is far below a good average. Potatoes are fetching sixpence per stone in Nenagh presently, while oats have to be sold at the same price, and barley at 14s 2d per barrel. The outlook for farmers is not by any means so reassuring as could be desired. The potato crop has not reached half a fair average, and decay is setting in among the tubers to an alarming extent. The grain crops are also deficient in return, so that on the whole the prospect is gloomy and discouraging. Arrangements are being made for holding a great convention of delegates from all parts of North Tipperary to consider the agricultural outlook, as farmers, it is generally stated, cannot pay their full rents at the approaching November gale."

#### HYMENEAL.

##### WALSH—KEUNE.

The wedding of Miss Rebecca Keune to Mr. Maurice Walsh took place on Thursday, Nov. 15, at St. Bernard's church, Stewart avenue and Sixty-sixth street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Murray. Supper was served to the intimate friends of the family at 10:30 o'clock, after which the happy pair left for the East. The presents were numerous and costly. Mr. Walsh is an educated and promising young man, possessed of many admirable qualities. His love for his native land is intense, and he has always shown a willingness to assist the Irish cause morally and financially. Mrs. Walsh is well deserving of the choice she has made, and is a daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in Tralee. THE CITIZEN wishes them success and happiness.

#### DAVIS ANNIVERSARY.

The eightieth anniversary of the birth of Thomas Davis was commemorated by a very successful reunion under the auspices of the Young Ireland League of Dublin, on the evening of Oct. 24. Mr. John O'Leary occupied the chair, and Mr. J. T. Doyle made the principal address of the evening. In opening the proceedings the chairman said he was happy to be present that evening where so many men were gathered together to do honor to the memory of Thomas Davis. What Davis had been to more than a generation of Irishmen since his death was well known in his own country, and might in a great measure be understood by Englishmen now since the publication of his prose writings in the "Camelot Series," and of his life, written by his co-laborer and friend, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. What Davis was at that time to him (the chairman) he felt as if he could only faintly shadow forth at this distance of time. Perhaps it might give some notion of the effect produced on him to say that he then went through a process analogous to what certain classes of Christians called "conversion." Now everything was changed. The world was a better world to him. He felt in quite a new sense that he was an Irishman, and that for weal or woe his fate must be linked with that of his country (applause); and, so far as he had fought the good fight, to Thomas Davis more than to any other, or indeed, more than to all others, was the credit due. For all that was Irish in him, and, above all, for the experience that made him Irish, the fountain and the origin must always be sought in Davis (applause).

After exhorting the young men of today to follow the example set by Davis, he called upon Mr. Doyle, who in the course of a brief and interesting address, said that from the time of Wolfe Tone until the time of Davis, nationality in its broadest and highest sense was not understood in Ireland. Davis taught the people that action to be effective must be preceded by thought. He showed them that if they were to do any great good, it was only to be accomplished by weighing the probable results of every action that they undertook. He taught them that every public action should be considered, not in the light of its immediate effect upon the persons concerned, but in the light of its effect upon the country at large. He taught men that if they were to build up any great nation, they must first of all be self-respecting and self-reliant; and he showed that it was only by attending to these vital principles that it was ever possible to realize the dream of nationhood. Upon the life of Davis it was not necessary to dwell. With regard to Davis' death, he (Mr. Doyle) held that he should be as much regarded as a martyr for Ireland as any man that died upon the scaffold or the battlefield (hear, hear). He worked so earnestly and consistently for Ireland that his vital forces had become exhausted, and when an illness attacked him he was unable to resist it. He had lived his life for Ireland. It was highly gratifying to see a meeting now assembled to do honor to his memory. But the best way to do honor to his memory was to endeavor to put his teaching into practice. All could do something to realize the dream for which Davis gave his life. They all of them might do some national good, and no man who wished to honor Davis, or to see his name respected, could take a better course than by advancing practically his great principles (hear, hear).

# DESIRES OF THE WEST

## TO BE INDICATED AT THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI CONGRESS.

**Four Hundred Delegates Gather to Discuss Matters of Interest Particularly to the Great West—Preliminary Business Attended to.**

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 27.—There were 400 delegates to the Trans-Mississippi congress present by the time the welcoming addresses were well under way, and these were the first things in order after the gavel of the chairman called the convention to order. Among the early comers was Governor Stone, of Missouri, and not long after him Congressman W. J. Bryan, of Nebraska, who, as a silver advocate, will fill the place of T. M. Patterson, of Colorado, detained by illness in his family. Among the others who were quickly recognized were George L. Cannon, of Mormon fame, from Utah; F. J. Cannon, from the same territory; Governor Waite, of Colorado; A. C. Fisk, of the Centennial State; W. L. Merry, of California; F. H. Newell, of the United States geological survey, and ex-Governor T. E. Prince, of New Mexico.

**Men Who Welcomed and Responded.**

A prayer followed the first rap of the gavel, President Whitmore, who presided at the previous congress, calling upon Kev. S. J. Nicolls to invoke the divine blessing on the proceedings. The Merchants Exchange then welcomed the visitors through its president, Boyd, whose remarks were very cordial. Mayor Walbridge did the same pleasant duty for the city, and the hospitality of the state was tendered by Governor Stone. Hon. Eugene Semple, of Washington, responded eloquently, and then President Whitmore reviewed the purposes for which the congress exists, declared against the allowing of this congress to be in any way controlled by political interests, and then announced the gathering ready for business.

**Organization of the Meeting.**

A recess was then taken to permit the state delegations to select members of the committees, and when the congress reassembled the selections for the committees on credentials, rules and order of business and permanent organization were announced and the members thereof retired for the purpose of preparing their reports. Ex-Governor Prince, of New Mexico, was then asked by President Whitmore to take the chair for the afternoon session and that gentleman proceeded to give business an impetus by telling the members of the congress what was in order and urging action upon whatever it was possible to consider. Upon motion of Delegate Huntoon, of Iowa, the river improvement commission was formally invited to attend the convention and enlighten it upon the progress of the work of improvement.

**Resolutions Begin to Come In.**

The introduction of resolutions, to be referred without debate to the committee on resolutions when that committee shall be appointed, was then begun. Delegate Stanard, of St. Louis, introduced a resolution favoring the renewal by proper legislative enactment of the reciprocity treaties recently abrogated in the authorization of new treaties; Delegate Lubin, of California, favoring the payment of a bounty upon exported agricultural products, as a just return for the aid afforded manufacturers by protective tariffs; Delegate Smith, of Iowa, favoring appropriations by the federal government for the completion of the Hennepin canal.

Then Frye, of Missouri, presented a memorial notable for its comprehensiveness, covering as it does all the subjects to come before the congress and suggesting curative processes for all the ills of the financial system relating to silver; Delegate Bowen, of Utah, favoring the restoration by the independent action of the United States of silver to its status prior to the enactment of the law of 1873; Delegate Stoddard, of Colorado, favoring free gold and silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1: providing for the use of coin certificates, and enabling and directing the retirement of national bank notes as fast as bonds supporting them can be paid and taken up by the coinage of gold and silver.

Delegate Stanard, of Missouri, offered a resolution favoring the use of silver coinage to the fullest extent possible at such ratio as may be susceptible of being definitely maintained; also indorsing the efforts of the government to secure the more extended use of silver by other nations. Among the others were resolutions favoring the improvement of the Duluth, Minn., harbor; favoring the refusal of this congress to adopt any recommendation as to silver or the tariff; urging the opening of the Indian Territory in order to put an end to outlawry; favoring the Nicaragua canal under the domination of the United States; favoring a tariff commission with plenary powers; demanding the repeal of the free lead bill; a short resolution indorsing free silver coinage at 16-to-1.

An address upon the beet sugar industry occupied the convention for some time, its deliverer being Delegate S. P. Hamilton, of Nebraska. The executive committee was instructed to present not later than tomorrow morning the plan of permanent organization which it was directed by the San Francisco congress to prepare. The committee on credentials reported a full list of delegates, which was accepted. The report of the committee on rules and order of business was made a special order for this morning and the convention then took another recess.

The attendance at the evening session at which irrigation was the set subject for discussion, was rather light. At President Whitmore's request George L. Cannon, of Utah, took the chair and introduced the subject of discussion with a brief review of his own experience in the past forty-seven years with the growing of crops, etc., by artificial overflowing of otherwise desert lands. The opening paper of the evening was upon "The Water Supply of the Rocky Mountains Region," and was read by E. H. Newell, of the United States geological survey.

The paper was a general review of the subject, presenting more especially the fact that the area of lightest rainfall is coincident with the lands still held in government ownership. Hon. Elwood Mead, state engineer of Wyoming, next read a paper upon "Reclamation of Arid Lands," discussing more especially the lack of concert of action between the authorities in the control of the water and those in control of the land.

"Irrigation a Living National Issue" was the subject of a paper by Editor W. Smythe, of The Irrigation Age. The tenor of his remarks was that no issue, be it irrigation or otherwise, which affects ever so small a portion of the country can, if it tends to the good of that portion, be a local issue.

## KNIGHTS OF LABOR ADJOURN.

**Sovereign Moves a Reduction of His Own Salary—Closing Transactions.**

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 24.—The general assembly of the Knights of Labor finally adjourned yesterday afternoon. The next convention will be held in Washington in November of next year. Previous to final adjournment General Master Workman Sovereign called Kenney, of the executive board, to the chair and took the floor. Sovereign then moved that the salary of the general master workman be reduced from $3,500 to $2,500. The motion was unanimously carried. The members of the executive board will remain in the city until the work left on their hands has been attended to.

A resolution was adopted protesting against the issue of new bonds by the United States government and characterizing the issue as a fraud and an outrage upon the toiling masses, in flagrant violation of existing laws and intended solely in the interest of the money powers and bondholding aristocracy. A resolution favoring the amalgamation of all brewing associations into one organization of the Knights of Labor was referred to the executive board.

## DEATH OF A GALLANT SOLDIER.

**Gen. W. H. Gibson Joins the Host on "Fame's Eternal Camping Ground."**

TIFFIN, O., Nov. 23.—Every bell in Tiffin at 6 o'clock last night rang out a knell notifying all that General William H. Gibson, the statesman, soldier and Christian citizen, had passed away. General Gibson had been ailing for some time and took to his bed a few days ago. Only the immediate members of the family and the doctor were at the bedside when death came. The funeral will be Sunday afternoon under the direction of the G. A. R.

William Henry Gibson was born in Jefferson county, O., May 16, 1822. He received his early education in the schools of Seneca county and afterward spent two years at Ashland academy. Then he learned the trade of a carpenter. Later he studied law and succeeded in that profession. At the outbreak of the rebellion he went to the front as colonel of the Forty-ninth Ohio infantry and was a gallant soldier, being made a brigadier general for his services. He had been state treasurer, adjutant general and was one of Ohio's famous orators.

## PORT ARTHUR TAKEN.

**Japs Win a Big Victory After a Long Fight.**

CHEE FOO, Nov. 24.—Dispatches have been received here stating that the Japanese captured Port Arthur on Wednesday last, after eighteen hours' fighting.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—A dispatch to The Times from Chee Foo says that Port Arthur was taken Wednesday evening. The fighting was continuous from noon of the 20th. The Japanese fleet did not take part in the engagement, though the torpedo boats attached to the fleet did. The Japanese are now leaving Port Arthur. A Shanghai dispatch to The Times confirms the report of the capture of Port Arthur. It says that the Japanese torpedo boats distracted the forts while the troops entered the town.

## FATAL FIRE AT SPRINGFIELD.

**Two Men Burned to Death and $100,000 in Property Destroyed.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 26.—The most destructive conflagration that has occurred for years has visited Springfield, resulting in the destruction of half a block of buildings in the business portion of the city. The fire originated in S. M. Little & Co.'s big livery barn, corner Fourth and Adams streets. Little's livery barn, Emanuel Salzenstein's livery barn, Smith and Lyon's transfer barn, Huntley's wholesale drug store, the armory of company C, Fifth infantry, I. N. G., the merchant tailoring establishment of George W. Anderson, and Vincent Hemberger's undertaking establishment were burned, with most of the contents. Over 100 horses were burned to death. George Brewer and —— Davis, sleeping in Little's livery barn, were burned to death. The loss is about $100,000.

**Investigating Judge Ricks.**

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 27.—The investigation of the charges made against Judge Ricks by organized labor has begun here before a sub-committee of the national house. The charges are that the judge while acting as special examiner in patent cases failed to turn over $1,500 in fees belonging to the government. The defense said the judge had reported in 1893, and that the department of justice had accepted his report. Then the prosecution rejoined that the judge had so reported, but it was ten years after he should have done so and then only to avoid the scandal. The judge and other witnesses were examined, but nothing sensational developed.

**Going to Arrest Rockefeller.**

AUSTIN, Tex., Nov. 26.—For obvious reasons it is the custom of the executive office to keep matters of requisitions secret, hence the denial on the part of some and silence on the part of others in authority on the subject of the Standard Oil company indictments. From information received it is pretty certain that the papers have been issued and are in the hands of an officer, who is on his way to New York to arrest Rockefeller and other magnates.

**Tried to Roast a Baby.**

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 24.—Annie Quinn, a servant, tried to burn alive a 2-year-old child. The girl is employed by Edward Pearson. In a fit of hysteria she picked up the child and held it over the fire, which was a furious one. The mother heard the little one scream and rushed to save it. The girl beat her off and deliberately tried to roast the child. A strong man finally beat the girl into submission. The babe was seriously hurt.

**Bad Accident on an Electric Line.**

OMAHA, Nov. 24.—An electric motor car became unmanageable on the steep Twentieth street hill last night and after dashing two blocks at a terrific speed jumped the track and collided with a telegraph pole. The injured are: Motorman Clark, dangerously hurt; Colonel A. A. McCoy, of Deadwood; Ed Hayden, D. N. Callahan and Mrs. A. A. Hart, of Omaha, not serious.

**State Department Notified.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The department of state has received the official notice from Minister Rieley from Copenhagen of the promulgation of the decree absolutely prohibiting the importation into Denmark of American cattle and dressed beef.

## GO TO A SYNDICATE.

**The Whole of the Issue of New Government Bonds.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Secretary Carlisle has acted in the matter of the allotment of the $50,000,000 5 per cent. bonds, bids for which were opened at the treasury department Saturday. He accepted the proposals submitted by the syndicate represented by John A. Stewart, of the United States Trust company, of New York, and others to take the entire issue at 117.077. It is the expectation of the treasury officials that the deposits of gold for the payment of the bonds will be made very promptly, and as the understanding is that none of the gold is to be taken from the treasury an early restoration of the gold reserve to above the $100,000,000 mark will be the result. The bonds, including premium, will realize to the government about $58,500,000.

The gold balance, which is now in round numbers $57,500,000, will, if the expectations of the officials are borne out, be increased to about $116,000,000. Before yesterday, however, there had been $4,550,000 in gold drawn from the sub-treasury at New York, presumably to be used in the payment of the bonds. Assistant Secretary Curtis heard unofficially over the long distance telephone from New York during the afternoon that $8,000,000 in gold had been deposited in the subtreasury there for bond payments. The bonds are deliverable as soon as the gold is deposited and as the bureau of engraving and printing has been busy at work preparing for the issue they will, it is expected, soon be ready for distribution.

The conditions on which the bonds are accepted is shown by the original proposal of the syndicate, which is in the following terms, minus the names of the companies composing the trust and the denominations wanted: "We hereby propose, under the terms of your circular of Nov. 13, 1894, to purchase United States 5 per cent. ten-year bonds described in said circular, of the face value of $50,000,000, and we agree to pay therefor at the rate of $117.077 and accrued interest per $100. This bid is for the whole $50,000,000, but not for any lesser amount. We further agree, upon due notice of the acceptance of this subscription, to deposit the amount thereof in gold coin or gold certificates with United States assistant treasurers."

## DECISION FOR CATTLE SHIPPERS.

**Chicago Railways Cannot Collect the Disputed Switching Charge.**

CHICAGO, Nov. 27.—A way to force railways to "tote fair" by the courts already in existence, without going into the uncertain waters of the interstate commerce commission, has been opened by William T. Keenan, a shipper, in a case against the switching charges imposed upon cattle shippers by the stockyards in this city. Since the opening of the yards, and up to a few months ago, the charge at the shipping point was supposed to cover the total amount accruing to the railway company for freight and railroad charges. The addition of a switching charge was as unexpected as it was arbitrary, and so great was the discontent aroused among shippers that Kansas City and other points received shipments originally intended for the Chicago market.

Mr. Keenan who has already several other scalps hanging to his belt, trophies of past encounters with the transportation corporations, once more took the field as a willing sacrifice in a case against the Santa Fe road. Keenan went to Kansas City, purchased sufficient cattle to fill a couple of cars and billed them to the stock yards. The cars duly arrived and the Stock yards company unloaded, penned, fed and watered the stock. Then Keenan attempted to do the rest. He found, however, the only way to push the button which would unlock the pens was to put up a $2 bill per car or to appeal to the court.

He went to law and the case came up before Judge Grosscup, who decided that the railway company, of its own showing, agreed to deliver the cars in question at the depot in Chicago. The Union stock yards is undoubtedly the depot for live stock, and as the original freight charges included all expenses to destination the cars must be delivered without further charge. The judge's decision also included instructions to the receiver to discontinue the extra charge in the future.

**Close of the National Grange.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 23.—At the session of the National Grange the grange rejected the overtures from the National Federation of Labor praying for an amalgamation of the five farmers' organizations. The committee on dormant granges reported that there were good prospects for the revival of granges in Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. The proposition to establish a national grange organ was defeated. Resolutions favoring a national commission to arbitrate between labor and capital were adopted. Regarding the Lubin scheme for government to set aside part of the revenue farm duties to help pay for transporting from products to market, it was referred to the state and subordinate granges. Adjourned sine die.

**Arrested for Grave Robbery.**

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 23.—Cottner university's dean and six students were arrested for grave robbing. Dean Alexander was just preparing to illustrate dissection on the cavader when the arrests were made. The body was that of Otto Albers.

## THE DEATH RECORD.

PAUL CONRAD, president of the old Louisiana Lottery company, at New Orleans.

Captain WILLIAM H. HEMSCHEMEYER, veteran of the late war, at Manitowoc, Wis.

DAVID L. PETERS, extensive stock raiser, at Greenup, Ills.

W. T. WATTERS, the noted art collector and philanthropist, at Baltimore.

Mrs. NAPOLEON B. HEAVER, well-known lady of Bloomington, Ills.

NORMAN LATTA, prominent northern Indiana farmer, at Goshen, Ind.

E. S. HAMLIN, founder of the Toledo Blade, at Washington.

A. F. RISSER, leading German citizen of Chicago.

Dr. E. L. SIMS, prominent physician, at Memphis, Tenn.

Rev. J. L. DUDLEY, D.D., at Boston.

EDWARD BISSELL, veteran of the Mexican war, at Toledo, O.

JAMES COCHRANE, pioneer in the coke business, at Connellsville, Pa.

JAMES MAIN, well-known mathematician, at Washington.

WALDO M. POTTER, one of the organizers of the Republican party, at Fargo, N. D.

# NEWS OF THE STATE.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

**Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Pieced Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 24.—An organized band of postoffice robbers operating in southern Illinois has been broken up this week at Ashley, Ills., by the arrest of Robert McCullough and Frank Blankenship, who were bound over by United States Commissioner Duncan at Centralia to answer the charge of stealing four mail sacks from the Louisville and Nashville station platform at Ashley the night of Nov. 28, 1893. They failed to give bond and were lodged in jail here. Blankenship, in the hope of securing a reward, informed on McCullough and on Charles Patton, the latter of Cobden.

Blankenship also drugged McCullough and endeavored to get him to confess in the presence of concealed witnesses, but failed. Patton on examination implicated McCullough and Blankenship in not only the robbery of the mail sacks, but of the postoffice and stores at Ashley one night last week when a watchman was knocked down and gagged, and testified that they were members of an organized gang of robbers. Patton was the watchman at the mill at Ashley and couldn't participate in the robberies.

## PERISHED IN THE FLAMES.

**One Man and Eighty-Five Horses Burned to Death.**

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 26.—At 2 o'clock in the morning fire broke out in the rear portion of Little & Son's livery stable, which resulted in a loss of $125,000 and the burning of one man and eighty-five horses. The dead man is George Brewer, hostler, employed by Little & Son. The fire quickly spread to the adjoining buildings. The armory hall of Company C, Fifth regiment, Salsenstein's livery stables, Anderson's tailoring establishment, Utley's wholesale drug store and Swift & Co.'s warehouse were entirely consumed.

Eighty-five horses in Little & Son's barn were burned and the entire contents of the other buildings, except Salsenstein, who got everything out, were totally destroyed. George Brewer, a hostler employed in Little & Son's barn, was burned to death. There are only two buildings left on the block. The origin of the fire is supposed to be incendiary. The total loss will reach $125,000; insurance not known.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Nov. 27.—A section of the wall of Little's livery stable, which was burned last Friday night, fell and buried several workmen engaged in clearing away the debris. J. Mitchell and Iverson Carter (colored) are fatally injured. Half a dozen others are slightly hurt.

**Syndicate Buys a Big Farm.**

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 27.—A Chicago syndicate has purchased of Henry Seiter of Lebanon, St. Clair county, his valuable farm situated two and one-half miles north of Mitchell, Madison county, Ills., and near Granite City. The amount of land transferred to the syndicate is 2,000 acres and the price paid was $325,000. Mr. Seiter, who has just returned from Chicago, has made the fact of the sale public, but declined to give the names of the purchasers, who are said to have bought the property as a speculation.

**Chicago Count Completed.**

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The canvass of the election returns for Cook county has been finished and shows that the highest plurality was given to Judge Kohlsaat, 49,382, and the lowest to Pease for sheriff, 29,397. Wulff for state treasurer got 46,180 plurality. The above are for candidated for which men only voted. The university trustees got from 53,307 to 54,983, the highest vote being for Mrs. Flower.

**Odd Fellows of Illinois.**

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 23.—The grand officers of the Illinois Odd Fellows have been duly installed. The question of the erection of a permanent grand lodge home was postponed, and the grand lodge adjourned sine die. The Daughters of Rebekah elected Mrs. Kate Troxel, of Canton, president, and Mrs. Catherine Hoefer, of Chicago, secretary, and also adjourned sine die.

**Sports Indicted in Illinois.**

EDWARDSVILLE, Ills., Nov. 27.—The Madison county grand jury has returned indictments against a number of St. Louis sports and many of those interested in the Madison Athletic club. They are charged with being connected with the proposed Tracey-Needham prize fight, which was prevented.

**Illinois Treasury Statement.**

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 23.—The state treasurer's annual report shows receipts from Oct. 1, 1892, to Oct. 1, 1894, of $9,437,988; balance on hand Oct. 1, 1892, $4,349,551; disbursed during the year, $11,864,077; balance on hand Oct. 1, 1894, $1,923,463. Bonded debt of the state outstanding, $18,500.

**Notes of the State.**

Judge Freeman of Chicago decided he could not interfere with the action of the board of trade in expelling Murry Nelson.

The Illinois supreme court has been petitioned to annul its decision declaring railway ticket scalping "illegal."

Judge Kellum sentenced George Thompson at Sycamore, Ills., to one year in the penitentiary for complicity in the robbing of a bank in Genoa.

John G. Soegerl, one of the oldest merchants in Jonesboro, Ills., has assigned. His liabilities are about $10,000 and his assets $6,000.

Jesse Funk, an 18-year-old boy who shot and killed his father in Hadley township, Pike county, about one year ago, was sentenced at Pittsfield, Ills., to twenty-one years in the penitentiary.

George McDonald, colored, who murdered Henry Spottswood in a saloon row at Peoria, Ills., was sentenced to sixteen years in the penitentiary.

Cooke Brewing company of Chicago has withdrawn from the Brewers' association and war between the two parties is anticipated.

The annual meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural society will be held at Dixon, Ills., Dec. 11 and 13.

Public meetings of all kinds have been prohibited in Sandwich, Ills., owing to the prevalence of smallpox.

The forest and prairie fires in the Okaw river bottoms in Illinois have finally been got under control.

## ALIX IS RUSSIA'S CZARINA.

**The Royal Marriage Followed by a Manifesto of Mercy.**

ST. PETTERSBURG, Nov. 27.—In the chapel of the Winter Palace, surrounded by all the pomp of the Russian church and with royal witnesses from every part of Europe Czar Nicolas yesterday took to wife the Princess Alix. The procession from the Anitchkoff Palace to the Winter Palace was a brilliant one and the route was lined by tens of thousands of people who lustily cheered both the bride and groom, especially the bride. After the wedding the royal pair went back to the Anitchkoff Palace, were the dowager czarine had preceded them and were there welcomed by her and other royalties.

A multitude gathered outside the palace and the czar and czarina appeared on a balcony and were received with loud acclamation. After the wedding the czar's manifesto was issued. In honor of the marriage he remits various debts to the crown, including the repayment of the grants made to the peasants on account of families. He also wholly remits arrears of taxes and fines and mitigates or shortens sentences of imprisonment, political supervision and deportation at hard labor. Amnesty is granted to the participants in the Polish rebellion of 1863, and they will be permitted to reside anywhere in Russia.

**Gen. Fremont's Remains Buried.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—A party of about fifty people journeyed out to Rockland cemetery in Sparkill, N. Y., yesterday afternoon, to attend theremony of placing General John C. Fremont's body in its final resting place. The services at the cemetery were of the simplest description. The burial service was read by the Rev. Ward Dennis, the rector of Christ church, Sparkill. Rear Admiral Mead made a brief address in which he referred to General Fremont's labors in behalf of the slaves. Fremont died July 13, 1890, and even since his remains had reposed in a receiving vault.

**Jury Exonerates Fitzsimmons.**

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The inquest over the body of Cornelius Riordan, the prize fighter, who became unconscious while sparring with Bob Fitzsimmons Friday night last and died a few hours later, was held here last night. The jury, which was composed of some of the representative business men of the town, brought in a verdict exonerating Fitzsimmons.

**Killed in a Runaway.**

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 26.—While the family of Colonel W. H. Phelps, who is connected with the legal department of the Missouri Pacific railway, were out driving the horse took fright and ran away. Mrs. Phelps became panic-stricken and jumped from the carriage, receiving injuries from which she soon died.

**Fire at the Illinois Capital.**

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 24.—Little's livery barn burned at 1:30 o'clock this morning. Loss, about $30,000. Several other business buildings caught fire. Fortunately for the city there was little wind.

**Quashed Nine of the Counts.**

DETROIT, Nov. 27.—United States Judge Swan decided to quash nine of the thirty-three counts in the indictment against ex-Bank Cashier Marvin.

## THE MARKETS.

**New York Financial.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2½@4 per cent. Sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¼@487½ for demand and 486@486¼ for sixty days; posted rates 486½@487¼ and 488@488½; commercial bills 484¾. §

Silver certificates 63¾ bid; no sales; bar silver, 63¾. Mexican dollars 50¾.

United States government bonds 5's regular, 117¾; 5's coupons, 118; 4's regular, 115; 4's coupons, 115; 2's regular, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101 bid.

**Chicago Grain and Produce.**

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened 53¾c, closed 54¼c; December, opened 53¾c, closed 55c; May, opened 58¾c; closed 60¼c. Corn—November, opened 43¼c, closed 43¾c; December, opened 47c; closed 47c; May, opened 46¾c, closed 45¾c. Oats—November, opened 28¼c, closed 28¼c; December, opened 28¼c, closed 28¼c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¾c. Pork—November, opened $——, closed $——; January, opened $12.02½, closed $12.07½. Lard—January, opened $6.97½, closed $7.02½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 25c per lb.; extra dairy, 21c; packing stock, 10@10½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 21c per doz. loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, 5½c@7½c per lb; turkeys, 5@6c; ducks, 8@8½c; geese, $5.00@6.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 45@50c per bu.; Hebrons, 43@45c; early rose, 42@45c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.25@1.60 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to choice, $8.0 @9.25 per bbl; fancy, $9.50@9.75. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@15c; broken comb, 10@13c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c per lb.

**Chicago Live Stock.**

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 50,000; sales ranged at $2.35@3.90, pigs, $3.60@4.30 light, $4.05@4.30 rough packing, $4.05@4.60 mixed, and $4.35@4.80 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day 20,000; quotations ranged at $3.80@5.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.40@5.20 good to choice do., $3.80@4.30 fair to good, $3.40@3.75 common to medium do., $3.00@3.70 butchers' steers, $2.00@3.00 stockers, $2.80@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.80 cows, $2.40@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.30 bulls, $2.35@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers, and $2.00@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 15,000; sales ranged at $1.50@3.10 westerns, $1.50@2.80 Texans, $1.25@2.80 natives, and 2.00@4.00 lambs.

**East Buffalo Live Stock.**

EAST BUFFALO, Nov. 28.

Cattle—Receipts, 4,400 head; market slow and very dull; choice heavy steers, $5.0 @5.20; good shipping, $4.65@4.90; light to medium, $4.15@4.45; veals, common to best, $4.50@6.25. Hogs—Receipts, 18,560 head; market opened slow and weakdned; Yorkers, $4.60@4.65; pigs, $4.60@4.65; mixed packers, $4.65@4.70. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 12 000 head; market active; good to choice native lambs, $3.60@4.00; prime mixed sheep, $2.50@3.00; common to fair, $2.00@2.40

**Toledo Grain.**

TOLEDO, Nov. 28.

Wheat—No. 2 cash, 55c; November, 55c; December, 58¼c; May, 59¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed, 45¼c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 30c; No. 2 white, 32¼c. Rye—Cash, 49¼c. Clover Seed—Prime cash, $5.35; November, $5.55; February, 5.65.

**Milwaukee Grain.**

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 28.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 57¼c; No. 1 northern, 63¼c; May, 59¾c. Corn—No. 3, 46¼c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31¾c; No. 3 white, 31c. Barley—No. 2, 53¼c; samples, 53@56c. Rye—No. 1, 50c.

**St. Louis Grain.**

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 28.

Wheat—Cash, 50¾c; November, 50¾c; December, 52c; May, 57¼c. Corn—Cash, 44c; November, 44c; December, 45¼c; May, 49¾c. Oats—Cash, 30c¼; December, 30¼c; May, 32½c. Pork—Jobbing, $12.50. Lard—Steam, $6.50; holce, $6.95.

# HISTORY OF A WEEK.

**Thursday, Nov. 22.**

President Cleveland is confined to Woodley with a sprained ankle—not serious, but just bad enough to make it necessary to lay up for a few days.

A fact that seems to have been overlooked by the coroner's jury at Washington Court House, O., was produced before the military commission now inquiring into Colonel Coit's action in stopping a mob with lead. The fact is a box of forty sticks of dynamite found in the woods half a square from the court house where the firing took place.

It cost $31,870,145 to run the American navy last year, which includes the building of ships.

Walter Green, a driver in the Kelly coal mines at Danville, Ills., fell off a coal car and was caught by the chain and dragged to death.

Congressman-elect Howard, of Alabama, author of "If Christ Came to Congress," says he is going to introduce a resolution investigating President Cleveland's source of wealth, to ascertain by what means he has made $4,000,000 in the past five years.

President Cleveland is said to be considering a plan whereby civil service rules will apply to practically all the departments.

**Friday, Nov. 23.**

Busts of Vice Presidents Stevenson, George M. Dallas, and Elbridge Gerry have been placed in the vice presidential niches in the senate gallery at Washington.

J. L. M. Pierce, of Yankton, has disappeared with $1,000,000 secured from English capitalists on spurious paper.

At Waco, Tex., John D. Rockefeller and fifteen of his Standard Oil business associates have been indicted by the grand jury for entering into a conspiracy to control the coal oil market. Governor Hogg has indicated his purpose to issue a requisition on the governor of New York for the parties.

Twelve of those alleged to be implicated in thuggery at the polls at Chicago Nov. 6 have been indicted by the grand jury. They are all members of the "Market street gang."

Ancient Order of Hibernians will establish a chair in the Roman Catholic university at Washington to perpetuate the Gaelic langugage.

The seventh national convention of the Boys' and Girls' National Home and Employment association will meet at St. Louis Dec. 11 next.

**Saturday, Nov. 24.**

Scotch miners who struck and were defeated are in such destitute circumstance that they have appealed for help from organized labor in the United States.

Mrs. Cleveland declines to allow Watts' painting, "Love and Life," to be hung in the White House, because the White House is not a picture gallery.

Miss Victoria A. Stein, of Chicago, has sued Clarence H. Saulpaugh, of Mankato, Minn., for $50,000 for breach of promise.

Kanakas on the New Guinea islands have revolted and eaten all the white settlers.

Mrs. Jeannette McWilliams, an aged lady living in Brinton, Pa., was so frightened by a train whistle blowing a fire alarm that she died.

Huker Bech, a Hungarian emigrant, bound from Budapest to North Dakota, landed in New York with his family of three and a fortune of $120,000.

Proceedings have been begun to impeach Justice Divver, of New York. He is charged with malfeasance, bribery and general incompetency.

**Monday, Nov. 26.**

General Ruger, appointed to succed General Miles as commander of the department of the Missouri, has arrived at Chicago, the headquarters.

August Schlicker, a laborer at Louisville, Ky., went into a fire cistern with a lighted pipe in his mouth. There was an accumulation of gas in the cistern and a terrific explosion followed. Schlicker was crushed to death.

Mrs. William Quinn and Miss Rinie Cleveland were killed at a railway crossing at Grand Rapids, Wis., by a St. Paul freight train.

Martin Warner, of Fairfield, Ills., a prominent grocer, committed suicide by drowning in his cistern while temporarily out of his mind as the result of illness.

Dr. Francis S. Whittemore, aged 35, a physician, and George H. Beasley, a wholesale grocer, were killed by an elevated railway train at New York.

The British flag has been formally hoisted in Uganda and a British protectorate proclaimed.

**Tuesday, Nov. 27.**

Governor Pennoyer, of Oregon, will spend a sorrowful Thanksgiving. His son Horace N., a student at Williams college, is dead of typhoid fever. He was Pennoyer's only son.

During the last fiscal year 388,090 immigrants arrived in this country. Of these 385,631 were landed and 2,389 were debarred and deported.

Fred Clark, an all-around crook, got Charles Gruetzmacher, a farmer living near Morrsson, Ills., drunk and robbed him of $90 and a gold watch.

Major General O. O., Howard, retired, is the guest of his daughter at Portland, Ore., where he will spend the winter.

Dr. Maximilian Herzog, of Chicago, alleges that many vaccine points are merely loaded with croton oil or some other irritant, thus explaining their failure to "take."

Italy has decided to send a fleet to Brazil because the latter refuses to arbitrate differences between the two countries.


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"I became troubled with sores which broke out on me from the lower part of my body down to my ankles, dark, flat and

**Very Painful.**

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and benefited my general health. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all." L. P. THOMAS, Postmaster, Burton's Creek, Va.

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CHAPTER IV.

The horses, frightened by the coals running between their feet and scorched by the burning hay, plunged frantically about, endangering the limbs of the men and women and adding to the din of the whooping red men. The eyes of all were smarting painfully, and they felt themselves strangling and choking in the thick and poisonous atmosphere.

To remain in the house was to be burned alive or killed by the plunging animals. To leave it was to perish perhaps in a still more horrible manner. Just as Raymer and his companions were on the brink of despair the clear, musical voice of the young lady rang out:

"They are here—the soldiers! Hark! Hark!"

Ping, ping, ping, ping, ping! They heard the sound of rifle shots. The warwhoops ceased and were followed by a good, honest cheer. Was there ever sweeter music?

The blanket was quickly snatched from the chimney top, and two thuds on the east side of the cabin showed the Indians had left the roof. A general scurrying of feet and other thuds down the perpendicular bank to the spring showed the besiegers were in full retreat.

Doors were flung open, the rescuing party rushed in, and before a greeting was said feet and butts of muskets were sweeping brands, coals and burning straw into the fireplace, and the roaring draft was fast clearing the air.

There was joy all around and a cordial shaking of hands. Snatched from the jaws of a cruel death, the rescued were exuberant in their sense of relief. The horses were led outside and picketed, and the men looked about to see what casualties had befallen the Indians. Only four had been killed—two by the defenders and two by the rescuers. There were evidences that some had been wounded and escaped. A fire was kindled on the open space, a guard posted and the cabin given up to the sisters and their charge. A lunch was prepared and eaten, and after an exchange of adventures the soldiers and priest wrapped themselves in their blankets and went to sleep.

At daybreak the lieutenant and his men ate a cold breakfast and made preparations for a return march to the valleys. Padre Gutierrez and the women also made ready, and all took the trail together.

About a mile north of the butte the trail forked, the one to the right going to the town of Pena Blanca on the Rio Grande. At this point Padre Gutierrez and the two sisters took leave of the lieutenant and sergeant, with many thanks for the protection they had received and generous commendation of their soldierly bravery. The priest declared his intention to take an early opportunity to visit the valley and urged Raymer to come often to his house at Jemez.

During this exchange of courtesies the young lady, still closely veiled and shawled, sat on her pony a considerable distance away. When her companions joined her and all were riding away, Vic began behaving in a curious manner. She would run after her master, leap and circle about him for a moment, then dash after the departing Mexicans, leap and circle about the young lady and then return to her master. This she did again and again, the lieutenant halting to watch her.

When the Mexicans had reached the crest of an ascent and their features were still plainly visible, Vic being now with them, the girl slipped out of her saddle, threw back her veil, and stooping took the dog in her arms and pressed her face against the animal's. In rising again the shawl fell away, and Raymer recognized Teresa Valencia.

As he gazed, lost in wonderment at this revelation, Padre Gutierrez sprang to the ground, assisted the young lady to remount and hurried her away. Not one of the four again looked back, and shortly afterward Vic joined her master, appearing dejected and disappointed. Raymer urged his horse into a gallop and overtook the detachment.

"Well," thought he, "if the old saw, 'Love me, love my dog,' could be transposed into 'Love my dog, love me,' I might have reason to congratulate myself on some of the incidents of this trip to Jemez."

The lieutenant's party reached camp at noon and the detail from Jemez a little later. After a few days' rest the old routine was resumed, the time being spent in scouting, hunting, fishing, watching Indians and the cutting and hauling of fuel for the fires during the coming winter.

In this duty the young officer had seen the leaves turn from green to brown and yellow, fall to the earth and whirl through the valley, driven by the autumn wind. He had seen the green surface of the broad basin ripen and bleach and the mountain slopes and ravines open more plainly to view, the evergreen trees appearing more dense and dark as their deciduous companions were stripped of their foliage.

Fall had passed and December was in its last week when the lieutenant one evening sat by his fire reading the periodicals which the cavalry expressmen had brought a few hours before. He was alone, for his companion, Vic, had been lent to his friend Reed and sent to Santa Fe to accompany him on a hunting trip. He was about to light a candle when his attention was attracted by running footsteps, followed by a sharp tattoo on his door. To his "Come in!" First Sergeant Cunningham entered, removed his cap and stood at an attention.

"What is it, sergeant?" asked Raymer.

"There is a Mexican boy outside wants to see the commanding officer," answered the sergeant.

"Bring him in."

"That's not so easy, sir. His leg is broken, and he appears to be badly cut up in other ways. He fell from his pony as he entered the parade."

"I'll go to him, sergeant," said the lieutenant, rising and throwing on his cape. "Has he said anything?"

"Nothing, except that he wants to see el comandante immediatamente."

The sergeant led the way to the first cabin to the left, occupied by himself as quarters and orderly room. Before the entrance stood a small, wiry mustang, with saddle and bridle of Mexican pattern, and upon the ground, resting on a soldier's mattress and pillow, lay a boy of about 16 years. He was nearly as dark as an Indian, and his glossy black hair fell low over his shoulders. His dress was made up of buckskin and coarse flannel, and a sorry felt hat covered his head. Dirty russet leather botas, or gaiters, protected his calves. The left leg of his trousers had been slit down the thigh by an intelligent looking soldier who knelt by his side skillfully adjusting a ligature and compress above a ragged gunshot wound.

"El comandante?" asked the boy as the lieutenant approached and the men opened a way for him.

"Yes; I am the commandant," replied Raymer in Spanish. "How came you here in this condition?"

"Quick—don't delay! Las senoras and three attendants are shut up in a hunter's lodge by a band of Navajoes three leagues from here on the Abiqui trail!"

"The cabin at Los Ojos Frios?"

"The same, senor."

"How long can they hold out?"

"Quien sabe—perhaps an hour, perhaps more; perhaps they are dead now! Never mind me. My life is nothing. Save my dear mistress!"

"Sergeant Cunningham," said the lieutenant, turning to the first sergeant, "detail 20 men with three days' rations and 40 rounds for immediate duty. Saddle and bridle the horses and lead and swing mules and pack the two wheelers. Give the Mexican boy's mustang a feed of corn and let him be eating while we are getting ready. We shall need him. Select good horsemen and marksmen for the mounted party." Then, turning to the soldier who waited upon him, he added: "Cain, get my horse ready, with my arms and fieldglass, and tell Sergeant Cunningham to include you in the number of mounted men. You can ride the Mexican pony."

The wounded boy was then taken into a vacant cabin that had been used from time to time as a sickroom, and an examination of the wound was made by the soldier that had stanched the flow of blood. The examination revealed a compound fracture of the thigh, the femur being splintered and the flesh lacerated by a bullet.

"Looks bad, doesn't it, Mason?" the officer inquired.

"It does indeed, sir," replied Mason. "I think if we had a surgeon here it would be a case for amputation. A compound fracture, as the lieutenant knows, is a difficult thing to treat, even with the best surgical appliances. Pyæmia is to be feared."

*In rising again the shawl fell away.*

"It may prove fortunate for the boy that we have no surgeon," said the lieutenant. "Do the best you can for him. Do you speak Spanish?"

"Not well, sir."

"Then I will tell the first sergeant to detail Richards as an assistant. He is a good nurse, and he can interpret for you." Turning to the boy, Raymer asked:

"What is your name?"

"Ramon Vaca of Albuquerque, senor."

"Well, Ramon, keep up a good heart. Mason was for a long time in a hospital in the field in the east and has a good, practical knowledge of surgery. He will do all that is possible to make you well again in time."

"Thank the senor teniente. I will try to be patient, but don't delay to go to the help of las senoras in the mountains. Help them quickly, or it will be too late."

"We shall be off in a few moments. Goodby!" and taking the wounded boy's hand for an instant Raymer went out to oversee the preparations for the march.

In the army men are accustomed to sudden surprises, and they learn to act promptly in emergencies. Consequently in a little time four of the mules were made ready for riding, and two soldiers skilled in packing were filling the pack saddles of the other two with rations, ammunition, cooking utensils and other necessary articles. The two bronchos mentioned in a previous chapter as kept for emergent service and the boy's pony were ready to be mounted.

Telling Sergeant Mulligan to follow as rapidly as possible with the pack animals and the 12 men on foot, Lieutenant Raymer and seven mounted men started at a rapid pace on the Abiqui trail. As the soldiers passed round the headland into the northern half of the valley they saw the shadows cast by the western range were creeping fast up the forest clad slopes of the valley and the middle basin already deepening into darkness.

A flock of ducks nestling in the reeds by the brookside, alarmed by the galloping column, fluttered noisily across the stream; a hare leaped out of a tuft of grass and disappeaerd in the gloom, while a coyote, disappointed at the loss of a dainty morsel, slunk sullenly away into the same screening obscurity.

A star gleamed here and there in the sky when the detachment reached the northern limit and plunged into the heavy pine timber, the shadows of which nearly hid the path from view. The trees stood so near together that the trail made frequent turns between the trunks and rose and fell over the undulating and gradually ascending ground, making it impossible to proceed much faster than a walk.

The soughing of the wind in the pines added gloom to the night. In the forest "the voices of the night" were unlike those of the open valley. There were mutterings and whisperings, sighs and groans, cluckings and chatterings and scampering of feet, suggestive of the supernatural, but caused by the moving foliage and branches or disturbed animal life.

The darkness increased as the distance to Los Ojos Frios lessened, and the foliage became so dense that Raymer could distinguish no objects beyond his horse's head. Depending upon the animal's better vision or instinct to keep the trail, he rode on, followed closely by the men, when suddenly his horse stopped short and became so restive that it was with great difficulty he could be controlled. Turning to the men, the lieutenant commanded:

"Halt! Dismount! Hold your animals as still as possible and listen!"

With the silence of the marching party there broke upon the stillness the sound of scampering footsteps, moving to the right and left, accompanied by the rustling and crackling of dry twigs and leaves. After the sound had ceased there arose the unmistakable chorus of the gray wolf. With this positive evidence that something had frightened the horses and mules—for all had become restive—Raymer ordered Cain to light a pile of dry pine spines and twigs, with which the ground was covered.

A fire was quickly kindled, and when the officer's eyes became accustomed to the light he peered into the darkness and saw an object lying across the path a few rods in advance. What it was he could not make out, but he determined to ascertain its character.

A few moments later splinters cut from dead trunks of the pitch pine were blazing in the hands of the lieutenant and three of the men advancing to examine the object in the road. It proved to be a horse lying across the trail. It was dead and much lacerated by the teeth of wolves. The body was still warm, and a Mexican saddle and bridle attached to it indicated the nationality of the missing rider. The wolves, grouped at a safe distance on each side of the trail, now and then broke into a chorus of howls and snarls, accompanied by a fierce snapping of jaws.

"Corporal Coffey, have you any idea where we are?" asked the lieutenant of a soldier who stood by his side holding a torch.

"I think, sir, from the sharp turn we made a few rods back, that we have passed 'seven mile pine.'"

"Then we are still three miles from the springs. Go back to the bend, corporal, and see if you are right. You know the tree?"

"Yes, sir. It has a cross cut on the west side, and a sandstone bowlder leans against the opposite side."

"That is right. While you are gone I will look for the rider of this horse."

The corporal went back, while the officer and a soldier continued in the opposite direction. A few steps brought Raymer to the body of a man lying dead in the road. His dress, features and complexion were Mexican. An arrow wound in the back had caused his death. His arms, ammunition and a large parcel enveloped in a blanket still remained intact. He had evidently been wounded some distance from where he fell, and his enemies, thinking him unhurt, had not pursued.

Upon examination the bundle was found to contain food, tobacco and a rich silver inlaid mahogany jewel case. Opening the case, Raymer was astonished to find a rosary of gold and jet and a Maltese cross of Mexican filigree—exact duplicates of the ornaments worn by Dona Teresa when he first saw her at the windows of the governor's palace in Santa Fe. In another compartment were rings, bracelets and other ornaments, richly set with gems. No initial, monogram or device by which the owner could be identified was found on the casket or its contents.

Raymer examined the features of the dead Mexican more closely. He was undoubtedly a griso and bore no resemblance to the caballero whom the waggoner punished in Santa Fe.

The thought had flashed through Raymer's mind at sight of the trinkets that Teresa might be one of the ladies shut up by the Navajoes in the cabin at Los Ojos Frios. A portion of it was either hers or exact duplicates of hers. Of this there could be no doubt.

It was by no means impossible that Miss Valencia might have been visiting relatives in the rio ariba. That such journeys were not unusual in New Mexico had been proved by his adventure on the Jemez trail in October. The possibility of again meeting her renewed hopes he had in vain been attempting to banish and aroused a resolution which lent new tension to nerves and muscles, preparing him for any struggle necessary to rescue the girl whose image filled his thoughts. Closing the box, he returned to his horse and deposited the treasure in a pouch attached to his saddle.

Directing the men to throw the end of the lariat over the limb of a tree, that the body of the Mexican might be drawn above the reach of the wolves, and receiving the report of the returning corporal that the halt had been made at "seven mile pine," Raymer ordered the torches to be extinguished and the march resumed.

The moon was just clearing the eastern mountains, and its rays, filtering through the screening foliage, made the trail visible once more and permitted the gait of the animals to be greatly increased.

Half an hour later the detachment reached the border of a level opening consisting of about a dozen acres. On the farther side were the cabins in which the women and their attendants were reported as being besieged by a small band of Indians. While yet a considerable distance from the edge of the opening a halt was made, and the lieutenant advanced alone and on foot to make an observation.

All was still. Not a hostile sound broke the silence of the night. If the Navajoes were still there, they must be in ambush awaiting the approach of the soldiers, or else, as seemed more probable to Raymer, they had overcome the Mexicans and left. The finding of the dead man in the trail was good evidence that the travelers had left the cabins, but how?

A terrible dread seized Raymer as this thought took shape. The familiar jewelry in his possession suggested that Dona Teresa was one of the prisoners at the springs. If she had been there and was not there now, she must be captive or dead. His knowledge of the horrible atrocities perpetrated upon captive white women by the Navajoes made the thought almost maddening.

The lieutenant reached the border of the forest, and placing himself behind some low bushes looked across the opening toward the two gray adobe cabins, but saw no signs of life. With impatient fingers he disengaged his fieldglass from its case and adjusted the focus. He swept the whole northern limit of the interval, including the cabins, without seeing an Indian. He removed the glass from his eyes and stood gazing at the silent, moonlit scene. Suddenly he started. A figure had risen on the roof of the cabin to the left—another—two more—a fifth and—last! Using his glass again, he saw they were Indians, half concealed by the walls which rose like a parapet two feet above the flat, earth covered roof. They were stooping and busy with something at their feet. Watching them closely, he made out that they were digging a hole in the roof.

This evidence that las senoras were still prisoners in great danger caused Raymer's heart to bound with joy and a resolve to rescue them. He did not doubt the result. Success in his former contests with the red man had given him confidence in himself and his comrades. He turned his glass once more along the border of the opening, and looking more closely than before discovered, directly opposite, a party of men and horses concealed in the wood.

Presently a flame lit up the painted faces on the cabin. They had ceased to dig and were grouped together, holding bundles of something in their hands. They held something in the flame, and its volume increased a hundredfold. They were lighting billets of pitch pine! Yes, they were at their old game—dropping the blazing brands into the interior! Something must be done, and that quickly.

"Corporal Coffey, Clary, Evans, Sattler!" called the officer in a stage whisper, "come this way! Stand on my right in line and take aim at those rascals on the roof. Fire when I do."

Four of the oldest soldiers of the company passed the reins of their animals to their comrades and advanced softly to the point indicated. The click of five locks was heard, and at the same moment the Indians on the roof broke out in a blood curdling warwhoop in which they were promptly joined by the main body in the wood. The five savages on the roof were plainly visible.

"Now, corporal," said the lieutenant, "you take the tallest fellow, Clary the shortest, Sattler the one with his shoulders bare, Evans the one sitting on the wall, and I will take the one with the three feathers. Ready! Aim! Fire!"

At the simultaneous discharge the Indian sitting on the wall toppled backward and fell to the earth never to stir again. A subsequent inspection of the roof showed that two others had been killed, and the trailing blood to the rear wall proved that the rest had been wounded.

Immediately upon the discharge of the rifles the door of the cabin was opened, the fiery brands were thrown out, and the door closed again. The Indians in the wood were seen to mount in hot haste and disappear. Raymer waited a few moments, during which Sergeant Mulligan and the foot party arrived. Making some dispositions to guard against surprise, he crossed the opening to the cabins. Halting a few yards away, he called, "Hello!"

"Who is it?" asked a man's voice in Spanish.

"Friends—soldiers from the great valleys!"

The door was opened, and two men ran out into the moonlight.

"Are the ladies safe?" asked Raymer.

"There is but one. She is safe, praise the Virgin!"

"Your messenger, Ramon Vaca, said there were two ladies and three men."

"There was but one lady and her maid. When we arrived here, Jose Valdez and the maid went into the other cabin with the animals. Some time in the night they ran away, and we saw them pursued into the forest by los barbaros."

"They were mounted, of course?"

"Si, senor, they took the best horses."

"Was the man's horse a pinto branded 'T. V.?'"

"The same, senor."

"Horse and rider lie dead in the wood."

"Valgame Dios! Where is Juana?"

"Quien sabe? We saw nothing of her. She must be a captive of the Indians."

"Pobrecita Juanita! She has paid dearly for going with that rascal Jose."

An examination of the packs showed that the runaways had robbed their mistress of her jewelry and other property. During the examination Raymer learned all the particulars concerning the events of the day.

The Mexican party originally consisted of two old ladies, a maidservant and an escort of three men and a boy. They were journeying from Abiqui to Jemez by way of Los Valles Grandes. All were mounted on horses, and their luggage was borne on three pack mules. When the party reached a small hamlet a league north of Los Ojos Frios, one of the ladies fell sick and was left there.

The journey being resumed, the travelers were approaching the cabins at the springs when a band of Navajoes attempted to cut them off. By a vigorous use of spur and whip the Mexicans succeeded in reaching the cabins without receiving a shot. They then sent Ramon Vaca to the camp in the valleys for aid. They saw him disappear in the forest beyond the opening, followed by two Indians. As the two pursuers soon returned trophyless, the Mexicans supposed the boy had accomplished his errand. Not long afterward Jose and Juana made a dash for the great valley's trail and appeared to have escaped without injury.

Then the siege began. Bullets were fired through doors and window shutters, but without effect. The house, being built of adobe, with earthen roof and chimneyless, was literally fireproof. Its only vulnerable points were at the door and windows, and those could not be approached without exposing the besiegers to the fire of the besieged. After a long lull in the firing the occupants of the main cabin were startled by hearing a tramping upon the roof, followed by digging.

Had these hunting lodges possessed chimneys the savages could have thrown their brands and leaves down them and by covering the tops with blankets smoked out the occupants. But to accomplish this they were obliged to dig a hole in the roof. The smoke had become sufficiently suffocating to greatly distress the Mexicans when the soldiers fired. The sudden cessation of the warwhoop, the thud of a falling body and the descent from the roof proved that friends were near.

The moon was now well up in the sky, and surrounding objects were plainly visible. Raymer told the Mexicans to get ready to accompany him to camp, and in a short time they appeared with their pack and saddle animals ready for the road. A woman, clad in black, her face concealed in a hood, mantle and veil, walked feebly out of the cabin, leaning upon the arm of an attendant and apparently bowed by the weight of years. She was speaking to him in a low voice, and at the conclusion of her remarks he turned to the lieutenant and said, "La Senora Vieja wants to know if you found any of her property on the body of the rascal Jose?"

"Yes, senora; I found this casket," replied Raymer, offering her the box which he had taken from his saddlebag. The old woman made a gesture to the man beside her to receive it, at the same time murmuring something too low for any one else to hear. When she had finished, the man said, "La Senora Vieja returns her thanks."

The frequent repetition of La Senora Vieja—the Spanish for old lady—struck the lieutenant as odd, but reflecting that it might be a custom of the class to which the lady's attendants belonged he dismissed the matter from his mind and gave his attention to preparations for the return march. The column then left the cold springs and entered the wood.

The moonlight enabled the party to keep the road without difficulty and make good progress. At the place where Raymer had caused the body of the "rascal Jose" to be suspended in a tree a halt was made long enough to lower and bind it to the back of a mule, that it might be taken to camp for burial.

Arrived in camp, the lieutenant first proceeded to make the lady comfortable for the remaining hours of the night. He offered her the use of his own cabin, intending to move into the unused kitchen before referred to, but la senora positively refused to accept the courtesy and asked through her spokesman if there was not a more retired cabin which she could have, or could she have a tent pitched a short distance from the parade. Raymer replied that he could not consent to her using a tent; that his quarters were at her service, but if she would persist in refusing them he would fit up the other cabin for her use. This was finally agreed to, and soon the little cabin was carpeted with blankets, and a bright fire blazed in the fireplace. The windows were curtained, a bedstead, with mattress, pillows and linen from the hospital stores, was set up and the luggage taken in. The Mexican escort built a fire a short distance before the door, and after caring for their animals and making them secure for the night curled up in their blankets before the warm blaze and were quickly asleep.

Lieutenant Raymer, after seeing to the preparations for the entertainment of his guest, divested himself of his arms and marching gear and went to the cabin where the wounded boy had been placed. He found him asleep, with Mason in attendance. The soldier reported that he had set his patient's leg satisfactorily, but that the lad had been restless until the return of the rescuing party. When he heard of its arrival and that the lady was safe, he sank into a quiet sleep. He was exceedingly weak from the loss of blood. But Mason was not very hopeful of the boy's recovery, fearing his limited knowledge of surgery and medicine would avail little if the case proved complicated. The lieutenant assured him that he had confidence in his skill as nurse and thought he was doing all that could be done under the circumstances. He made a few suggestions and returned to his quarters.

Walking along the path to his door, he noticed thick clouds were gathering in the northwest and a decided chill in the air. He entered his cabin, and seating himself before his hearth raked a few coals out of the ashes and placed a couple of pine knots upon them. A flame burst forth that bathed the room in a flood of light. He sat there a long time reflecting upon the happenings of the night.

His hopes had been fulfilled and disappointed. The expedition to Los Ojos Frios had resulted in success, so far as the defeat of the Indians and the rescue of the imprisoned Mexicans were concerned. But that other hope, born of the discovery of the jewelry on the body of the dead thief, a hope that had grown with every heartbeat as he neared the location of the cabins—that hope had been dispelled utterly, and he felt that there was nothing to be done but to dismiss it forever. It was a dream never to be realized.

He confessed to bitter disappointment and found a bitter pleasure in dwelling upon what his hopes had been. He took from the table the missal which had fallen from the Valencia ambulance in Santa Fe, turned its leaves listlessly for a few moments, laid it aside and went to bed, burdened with the unpleasant reflection that the projected union of the houses of Ortega and Valencia was inevitable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Is This Why Dr. Graves Killed Himself?

James McParland, assistant general superintendent of the western division of Pinkerton's National Detective agency and superintendent of the Denver office, said:

"There are some developments in the famous Graves murder case that never have been published before that I think would prove interesting for your readers. I refer to the causes that led Graves to commit suicide.

"Pending the second trial I received a note from a young man in Boston stating that he thought he could furnish important evidence in the case. Accordingly Prosecuting Attorney Stevens went to see him. The young man's story was that one night last April he had been visiting friends in the neighborhood of Boston and had gone to the station to board the train. While waiting by himself he was approached by a fine looking man, who asked if he could write. Upon this the man said, 'I want to fool a friend and want you to write what I tell you.' Upon his stating that he had no pen the man produced a stylographic pen and a piece of paper and told him to write the identical words inscribed on the bottle received by Mrs. Barnaby. When he had finished, the man took the paper, gave the boy a $5 bill and laughingly said, 'I'll have a good joke out of this.'

"The boy was pleased at making $5 so easily and went back to his uncle and told him of it. Some months later, when the papers were full of the Graves trial, one of the Boston journals published a cut of the doctor. The uncle showed this to the boy, who immediately said, 'Why, that is the man who gave me that $5.' Mr. Stevens obtained these facts and started for home, the boy agreeing to come to Denver and give his testimony.

"By some means Dr. Graves heard of this. That same night he committed suicide."—San Antonio (Tex.) Express.

### Largest Family on Record.

In the Harleian manuscript, Nos. 78 and 980, in the library of the British museum, mention is made of the most extraordinary family that has ever been known in the world's history. The parties were a Scotch weaver and his wife (not wives) who were the father and mother of 63 children.

The majority of the offspring of this prolific pair were boys (exactly how many of each sex is not known), for the record mentions the fact that 46 of the male children lived to reach manhood's estate, and only four of the daughters lived to be grownup women. Thirty-nine of the sons were still living in the year 1630, the majority of them then residing in and about Newcastle-on-Tyne. It is recorded in one of the old histories of Newcastle that "a certyne gentleman of large estaytes" rode "thirty and three miles beyond the Tyne to prove this wonderful story." It is further related that Sir J. Bowers adopted ten of the sons, and three other "landed gentlemen" took ten each. The remaining members of this extraordinary family were brought up by the parents.—St. Louis Republic.

### How the Law Is Circumvented.

A dispatch from Port Townsend, Wash., says: The customs and immigration officials here have discovered a scheme whereby it is estimated that 500 pauper Japanese have been admitted this year. The only restriction to immigration is that each applicant for admission shall possess $30. It now develops that when a party of pauper Japanese arrive in Victoria they are met there by agents from this side, who supply each with $30 and a ticket into this country. Upon arriving here the Japanese are taken to the custom house, examined, and as each has the requisite amount the party is passed. Before starting for interior points the money is refunded to the agent, who crosses the line again to wait for another batch.

The early printers very often omitted to print the initial letter of a chapter or section, leaving it to be painted in by hand.

# THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.


### AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"The Amazons."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Marie Wainright.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"On the Mississippi."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Pauline Hall.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Dr. Syntax."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Eddie Foy.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—"Yon Yonson."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—J. K. Emmet.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Effie Ellsler.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

### LABOUCHERE ON THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

Labouchere is, of course, up in arms against Rosebery in reference to the latter's proposal of putting an end to the veto of the Peers. He remarks that some of the Liberal newspapers and all that are supposed to be party organs have personally gone into ecstacy over this speech, but that he does not view it with the same unqualified admiration. With all respect to Lord Rosebery, he, Labouchere, is not prepared to give him a blank check to enable him to alter the constitution, provided that he can get it countersigned by the Conservatives. "Between his views and those of the Radicals," Mr. Labouchere continues, "there is, as it seems to me, a clear and fundamental divergency. To proceed by resolution in the present Parliament is reasonable, but Conservatives and Radicals (unless the latter are willing dupes) will insist upon the referendum to the constituencies being of a specific character. If the Lords do decline—as they certainly will—to be extinguished by a mere resolution, Lord Rosebery will have either to accept the fact or to proceed by bill, but if he brings in a bill such as we suggested with a declaration that it can't be passed without the assent of the Lords with, as at present, 95 per cent of their whole number Tories, the whole proceeding becomes a farce. The speech of Lord Rosebery, therefore, is one which ought to put Radicals on their guard."

Still the editor of *Truth* asserts further on that he has no desire to underestimate Rosebery's plan entirely on the nature of the resolution to be submitted to the House of Commons; and if that is satisfactory, upon his being prepared, if a majority in favor of it is returned in the new Parliament, not to abate one jot or one tittle of it, and to force it through the House of Peers, as Earl Grey had to do with the reform bill in 1832.

The Parnellites of Dublin have quite other ideas than Labouchere's in judging Rosebery's plan. Dr. Kenny said at a meeting of the National League in that city that the English premier's speech was comprehensive and courageous, and certainly, so far as our hopes were concerned, was brutal. There was no attempt," he added, "to rub up his pronouncement with gilding. Did he, the premier, expect the Lords' chamber to fall like the walls of Jericho, at the sound of his trumpet? If the Liberals won the general election, the work would be barely commenced, and certainly one generation will have passed away, before these gentlemen would accept the veto."

The Upper Chamber will never be intimidated into submission unless a great popular upheaval takes place against the very existence of that antique establishment. Then, and only then, will they be glad to consent to the deprival of a veto in order to save themselves from utter political extinction.

### HON. T. D. SULLIVAN'S LECTURE.

The appearance of the Hon. T. D. Sullivan, ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, at Central Music Hall this (Saturday) evening, will, no doubt, call out a very large audience, chiefly because Mr. Sullivan is celebrated as a writer of Irish National lyrics, of the most ultra "rebel" spirit. As the author of "God Save Ireland" he is respected by all his fellow-countrymen, and although today he is identified with purely moral force agitation, his countrymen cannot forget how he immortalized in his stirring verse the heroism and self-sacrifice of the gallant Manchester Martyrs:

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land,
But on the cause must go,
Amid joy, or weal or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand!
"God Save Ireland!" pray we loudly,
"God Save Ireland!" pray we all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die
Oh, what matter when for Erin dear we fall!

Mr. Sullivan's subject will be "Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life," a topic in which no living man is better versed. He will be introduced by the Hon. Thomas A. Moran. While not at all agreeing with Mr. Sullivan's latter day attitude on the Irish question, THE CITIZEN wishes him gratifying success on his American lecture tour, and hopes the audience of this evening will be worthy of the man and the occasion.

### THE MADAGASCAR PROBLEM.

Another war is looming over the horizon. The French government have resolved to send an expeditionary force of 15,000 men to punish the native rulers for their refusal to accept the protectorate of France over Madagascar. Last week the French Chamber of Deputies voted 65,000,000 francs for the transport of this army and the artillery, with which it is provided, to Madagascar. There is no doubt possible as to the ultimate result of this expedition. It may cause heavy expenses to the Republic to carry out this project; but the French nation is a wealthy one, and can afford the cost.

Some time ago it was suggested that complications might possibly arise between the governments of Britain and France; and some excitement was caused by the rumor that the Rosebery cabinet had resolved on measures to check French aggression. It proved to be a false report. John Bull has not battalions enough to cope with the trained half million men who compose the regular army of France. Moreover, it would be dangerous for England to interfere with France in Madagascar, because the government of the Republic would threaten the British government to send to Egypt an army of 100,000 troops to drive the Britishers out of that country. For nearly a century the controlling power of France in Madagascar has been recognized by the other powers of Europe, and has been enforced on various occasions.

The French press is very angry over the fact that English officers are drilling and directing the Malagasy troops, and will command them in the forthcoming war. Sir Charles Dilke writes to the Matin of Paris as follows: "France has for long years been in possession of the North of Madagascar. She can now obtain without war such territories as she requires in other portions of that great island. If she prefers a dangerous war in an unhealthy country in order to destroy the hove government, she will certainly attain her object."

Yet, as the Madagascar government refused to concede the demands of the French, France believes that she is justified in resorting to physical force to compel Madagascar to accept what she insists upon.

### THE DUKE DE MORNY.

The present Duke de Morny is the MacAllister of the 400 of Paris. His mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, is the scene of gorgeous and almost imperial receptions. It is even whispered that like his step-uncle, Louis Bonaparte, he may make a *coup d' etat* against the Republic, and proclaim himself Emperor of the French. He boasts that he is the grandson of Queen Hortense, once the Queen of Holland, the wife of one of Napoleon's brothers. Hortense was the step-daughter of the great Napoleon, being the issue of Madame Beauharnais by a previous marriage with Viscount Beauharnais. Some years after the death of the Viscount she espoused Bonaparte, who subsequently became First Consul of the Republic and Emperor.

When all the Napoleonic thrones of Europe collapsed in 1814, after the disastrous retreat of the French army from Moscow, and Napoleon was a captive in the island of Elba, Hortense separated herself from her aged spouse, and shortly afterward entered into a morganatic union with the Comte de Flahaut, one of the youngest and best known generals of Napoleon. This Count was subsequently a famous diplomatist, for many years the Ambassador in London of Napoleon III., who was morganatically his step-son. The present Duke de Morny is the son of the former Duke, who was the issue of Hortense's alliance with the Comte de Flahaut. After Hortense's death, he married in London in 1827 the daughter of an English peer, Lord Keith, and died in that city in 1870 five years after his more famous son's death.

To this Count de Flahaut, the father of the present Duke of Morny, who was president of the Corps Legislatif, as the Chamber of Deputies was called under the regime of Napoleon III., owed that stateliness of manner peculiar to the old grand seigneurs of the French Royal Court, while he had all the magnetic blood of his mother, who was born in the South of France. De Morny's position was legalized by his adoption by an aged aristocrat bearing that name, and subsequently his step-brother Napoleon III., created him Duke. His mother left him a life annuity of $7,500.

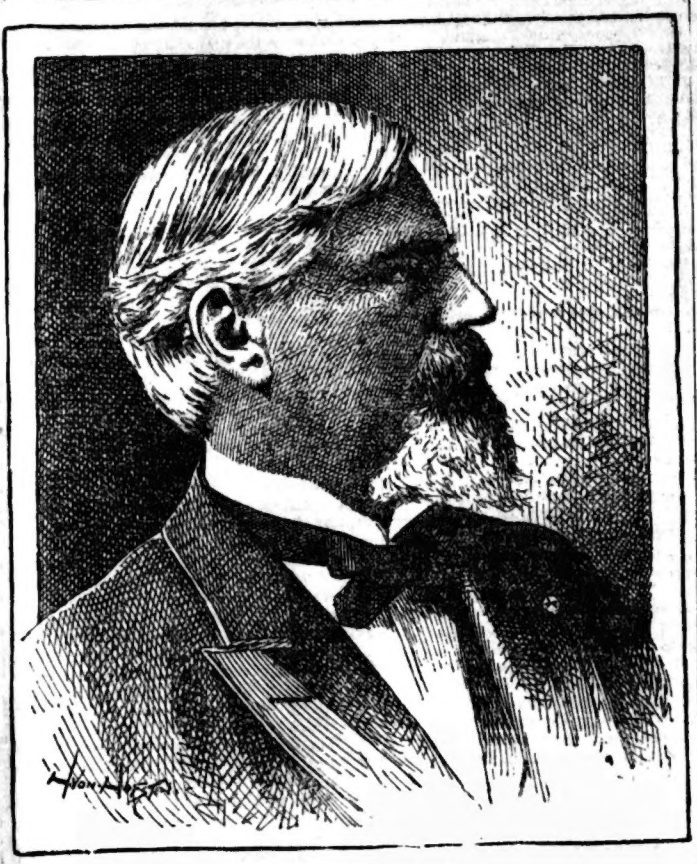
During the portion of the reign of Louis Phillippe, when Louis Bonaparte, his step-brother, was a captive in the citadel of Ham in France for an attempt at rebellion against the Orleans King in the forties, Young Morny was enjoying to the full all the gaieties of Paris—having been introduced into the eclectic salons of the aristocratic society of that city by his father. When Louis Bonaparte succeeded in effecting his escape from France, and after six years' imprisonment he hastened to Arenberg, Switzerland, where he felt so bored by the peasants that he proceeded to London. In March, 1848, the Parisian populace hurled his arch-foe, Louis Phillippe, from the throne, and the curious spectacle was presented of the ex-King flying for his life for London, while Bonaparte was sailing from Dover to Calais in a specially-chartered steamer, and was received with enthusiasm by the Parisians. Shortly afterward he was nominated President of the Republic, and "on one of the dark days of December, 1851," as Hugo wrote in his poem "Napoleon le Petit," "Napoleon the Little," Bonaparte proclaimed himself Emperor of the French. A feeble force, consisting of a few hundred Republicans, who raised the barricades, was defeated by the officers and soldiers of the garrison of Paris, who were induced to fire on the so-called "rebels." Shortly afterward the Emperor had his half-brother de Morny appointed President of the Corps Legislatif at a stipend of 50,000 francs.

### COL. GEORGE R. DAVIS FOR SENATOR

The candidacy of Col. George R. Davis for the next United States senatorship from Illinois, has received more attention in this State, and outside of it, than perhaps any other that has so far developed. This is only natural, because the name and fame of Col. Davis are world-wide. Born in Massachusetts, of good old American Revolutionary stock, fifty-four years ago, he received a thorough education in his native State, and had just entered on a promising business career when the War of the Rebellion broke out, and he at once entered the Union army, where, by his skill and bravery, he soon attained the rank of colonel in the cavalry arm of the service. When the war closed, he received a commission in the regular army, but soon resigned it, as he wished to pursue the business career he had temporarily abandoned, and selected Chicago as his permanent home. He soon took an interest in politics, and, after some severe campaigning, was finally elected to Congress from the West Side, which then comprised the Second District of Illinois. Colonel Davis was elected repeatedly to this honorable position, and while in Congress, was the author of many bills important to the commercial interests of Chicago. He was elected county treasurer, by a splendid majority, in 1886, and, during his four years incumbency, did much to advance the material prosperity of Cook county, by his zealous and economical administration of that office.

When the great Columbian Exposition, or World's Fair, was first agitated in this country, Colonel Davis exerted himself more than any other citizen of Chicago to bring the mammoth enterprise to this city. His exertions at Washington are now historical, and were crowned with a success that will embalm his memory for all time in association with the most magnificent of modern art and industrial undertakings. The election of Colonel Davis as Director General of the World's Fair, was the natural outcome of his services in securing the location at Chicago. It was a gigantic burden to bear, especially as, for some time, he was handicapped by a kind of dual authority. In the end, however, he overcame all obstacles, and his management of the colossal exposition is acknowledged to be the most superb display of administrative genius that America has witnessed. The World's Columbian Exposition was a dream of massive, yet graceful, beauty, which has left its impress on the mind of the country. It combined, with much that was original, that "genius of antiquity, which crowned the hills of Rome and sanctified the dust of Greece." It gathered from the ends of the earth, to meet American civilization, tribes that had sat in darkness for ages, and placed the denizens of the Zahara, the South Sea Islands and the remotest wilds of Asia and America in tents beside the waters of Lake Michigan.

In surveying all that the great exposition accomplished, it is impossible to withhold the tribute of admiration from the great American who was its chief, guide and prophet. Nobody can rob Col. George R. Davis of the meed of glory, nor can even his election to the senate of the United States add anything to his fame as an American citizen, and as a man of masterful ability. His past is the best guarantee of the future, and no position in which his countrymen could place him would be above his merits.



COL. GEORGE R. DAVIS.
(Candidate for United States Senator.)

Apart from the services and the genius for administration which none will deny to Colonel Davis, he possesses, in addition, personal magnetism which has won him thousands of friends even in the ranks of his political opponents. Always a sincere and enthusiastic Republican, he has been uniformly considerate and courteous to those from whom he differed on public matters, and, therefore, has no enemies, except among the small and ungenerous minds, fortunately few in number when compared with the whole people, who cannot forgive success. As Colonel Davis has never yet failed in anything he set himself out to accomplish, it is by no means presumptuous on the part of his friends to prophesy, that the toga of United States Senator will fall upon his broad and capable shoulders.

### FATHER O'GROWNEY.

Father O'Growney, the professor of Celtic literature in the National College of Ireland, at Maynooth, arrived in this city last week, and was the guest of another Celtic scholar, Father Carroll, the pastor of St. Thomas' church, 5470 Kimbark avenue. He is on his way to California, where he will spend the winter months, in hopes of recuperating his health, and decided not to speak in public until his return in the spring. Father O'Growney is well known as a Celtic scholar, and as a leader in the movement in Ireland to promote the study and publication of the native language and literature. He is also an authority on Highland Gaelic, and is president of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow—in fact he is the only Irishman and Catholic in that society. Father O'Growney edits the *Gaelic Journal*, and with Archbishop Walsh of Dublin is issuing a series of Irish class books. He met many of his Gaelic friends while here, and resumed his journey on Monday.

MISS KATE FIELD, editor and proprietress of *Kate Field's Washington*, has been made an officer of public instruction by the French government, the highest distinction the Department of Public Instruction can bestow for service rendered to literature and art. She received the brevet from the French Legation in Washington.

JOHN BURNS, the leader of the English Labor party, who nobly refused a seat in the Rosebery cabinet, preferring to follow his usually independent action, has sailed for New York on the steamer Etruria last week. His object in coming to this country is to attend, as one of the Labor delegates of England, the Trades Union Council, which will hold a convention at Denver, Col., early next month. Representatives of trades from nearly all European nations will be present at this reunion. John Burns said to a reporter before leaving: "I mean to endeavor to crystalize and indicate to the congress the precise aims and position of the labor movement in England." Burns, who was born in London of Irish parents, is an enthusiastic Celt. He is, however, the most prudent, as well as intellectual of the labor leaders of England. He commands the respect of all parties in the house of commons.

ROSEBERY is making advances to the young Emperor of Russia with a view to a Russo-Anglo-Franco alliance. The German Kaiser is resolved to assume a hostile attitude towards these three nations if any such alliance will be established between them. France and Russia, it is almost certain, would each decline the English premier's request. So long as the British occupy Egypt, and so long as the Madagascar problem is unsolved, France could not be the ally of *perfide Albion*. The Russian Emperor, Nicolas, is fully conscious of the fact that there were two great projects referred to in the will of Peter the Great, the capture of Turkey, and its annexation to the Muscovite Empire, and the invasion of British India. Czar Peter appealed to his successors to carry out these projects whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself. There is no alliance, therefore, possible between the Russian bear and the English lion.

MRS. CATHERINE BURNS LAWLER, who died in this city on Sunday week, was born in Carlow, Ireland, seventy-eight years ago. She was married to Joseph Lawler fifty-five years ago in Dublin. They came immediately to this country and settled in Rochester, N.Y., and a few years afterwards at Buffalo. In 1853 they came to Chicago, where Mr. Lawler died about fifteen years ago. They had four sons and one daughter, Teresa M. Scanlan, Frank, Joseph, Michael, and Thomas Lawler. Mrs. Lawler was active in all works of benevolence connected with the Jesuit church.

THE Catholic cathedral of Southwark, London, which was reconsecrated recently, was the scene of an amusing incident, in which figured the late Joe Biggar, the friend and ally of Parnell in the days of obstruction, when the English Chamber used to sit on various occasions from Friday noon till Sunday morning. Though much fatigued after the continuous sittings, Mr. Biggar, who was a Catholic, attended mass at Southwark cathedral. So tired was he that he fell fast asleep in his chair, and was not aroused till the sermon began, when, starting up, and imagining himself still in the English House of Commons, he loudly exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present."

IT is a very grave circumstance that in a time of peace, with no emergency impending, that would threaten immediate financial disasters, the American people should see the interest-bearing debt mounting up at the rate of $100,000,000 a year.

IT is stated by official statistics that many Irish agricultural laborers continued to land on Britain's ports this fall, to eke out earnings which are insufficient for their material wants in Ireland. Thirteen thousand of them reaped the harvest in England, and 2,297 in Scotland. These laborers come generally from the agricultural districts, but there are many town laborers who also do harvesting across the channel, for the railway and port Irish statistics bring up the number of workingmen, seeking employment in Britain as temporary farmers' helps, to 32,623.

"THE International Dictionary of Contemporary Folk-Lorists," written in French, and just issued from a Paris publishing company, contains a sketch of the well known Irish author, the Rev. Canon O'Haulon of Dublin. The learned and patriotic Canon was born in Stradbally, Queen's county, in 1821. He was taught Gaelic, Latin and Greek by a local teacher during his boyhood. He used to visit the farmsteads adjoining Stradbally and take notes of the old legends of that district narrated to him by the peasants. His subsequent career was spent in Carlow Ecclesiastical College, and the Seminary of St. Louis, Mo. He received holy orders from the present Archbishop Kenrick and became a missionary priest. At the end of 1853 a serious illness compelled him to return to Ireland, where he recovered his health. Nominated as chaplain to the South Dublin Union, afterward assistant priest in 1859 to the pastor of St. Michael and St. John's church by Cardinal Cullen, and subsequently pastor of Irishtown, and Canon by Archbishop Walsh, he devoted himself during his spare moments to the writing and publishing of more than a score of volumes, connected with the ecclesiastical history, and legends of Ireland. His greatest work was entitled "The Lives of the Irish Saints." He is the leading Folk-Lorist among contemporary Irish writers. His "Irish Folk-Lore" is one of his best and most interesting volumes. The Canon is also a poet, as evidenced by his "Lays and Legends."

A NEAT booklet is about to be issued by the editor of *The New Age* giving in fac-simile the favorite quotations of a number of eminent men and women, and which he has managed to secure in their own handwriting. The contribution of Mr. Gladstone in his well known neat and small hand is taken from Burke, "Early and provident fear is the mother of safety"; Lord Charles Beresford in a bold sailor-like fist gives a characteristic motto "Never despair," while Prof. Blackie contents himself with a verse from Burns, "A man's a man for a' that." The booklet is to be further illustrated with portraits of the contributors.

THE following is a specimen of "Unionist" literature, and of which the *Tribune* of last Sunday gave a verse. It is supposed to be an epitaph suitable for William E. Gladstone, England's "Grand Old Man." As this style of production is being extensively circulated throughout Ireland by the party whose leaders are Lord Salisbury, "Bloody" Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire and mean and sycophantic Joe Chamberlain, it seems a pity that the elegant and refined essence of so much brain power should not have been given in extenso, and by more publicity damned to greater infamy:

EPITAPH ON THE G.O.M.

When the G.O.M. goes down to his doom
He will ride in a fiery chariot,
And sit in state, on a red hot plate,
Between Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Said the Devil, we are rather full you see,
But I'll do the best I can:
I'll let Ananias and Judas go free,
And take in the G.O.M.

Gone from the cares of office,
Gone from the cares of affairs,
Gone in the head they tell us,
Gone where no one cares.

Gone not to join the angels,
Gone where no one can tell,
Gone let us hope to heaven,
There are devils enough in hell.

THE British lion is gnashing his teeth in rage at present, simply because a bomb exploded in Tilney street, London. In this street the houses are packed like peas in a pod by official personages, among whom is a certain Mr. Brett, a son of the master of the Rolls, who sentenced some of the Irish political prisoners. Mr. Justice Hawkins, who had sentenced others of the accused, and Mr. West, the secretary of Asquith, are residing in that locality, and their homes are always watched by the police. Despite this vigilance, these bat-blinded guardians have not seen any person or persons exploding a bomb, but they swore that it did explode. The police of London are a very long-eared set of animals.

PRINCE ADOLPHUS OF TECK, brother-in-law of York, the second heir in succession to the British crown, is about to wed the daughter of the "Dook" of Westminster, who owns half London, and is by long odds the wealthiest peer in Britain. Adolphus has been eking out a wretched existence on £50 pocket money a year, drawn from the allowance made to his parents by Madam Wettin. The Tecks were always living on charity. York's wife, who is a sister of Adolphus, had no dowry. When Adolphus is put in possession of a few million pounds sterling by his father-in-law, he can riot and revel like his grand-uncles, the sons of George III. Adolphus, after all, is a "lucky dawg" as a Cockney, like Kipling, would say.

YORK, Wales' only son, has, through the medium of his secretary, written to the town clerk of Belfast, declining to open the Arts and Industries' Exhibition in that city, on the plea that it is contrary to rule for him to open a merely local exhibition. What a snub to the Orangemen of Sanday Row. They had been actually dying for a glimpse of their dear prince, and his lovely young bride—don't-cher-know? Johnston of Ballykilbeg and the militia colonel, Saunderson, are highly indignant at York's insulting letter regarding Belfast.

THE career of the Baron Harden Hickey, an Irish-American nobleman—who was ennobled by the title of Baron by the late Pius IX for his championship of that pontiff in the Catholic press of Paris—has been so far a somewhat checkered one. He is a native of California, and the only son of a Mr. Hickey, who became very wealthy as a miner in the golden era of that state some forty-six years ago. Hickey *pere* sent his son to the Sorbonne University, Paris, where he graduated with signal honor—winning a diploma of *avocat* or lawyer. During his five years curriculum he studied the French, and soon acquired the art of writing correctly, and graphically in that language. As a lawyer he was a failure; but in a year after he had graduated, his father's death made him wealthy. He immediately started a comic weekly French journal called *Le*

*Triboulet*, which used to be illustrated with caricatures of the leading Republicans. He started it in 1880. Three years afterwards the Republican government expelled him from France. Since 1883, he has not been heard of, till a few weeks ago, when an authentic announcement was published that he had purchased the little island of Trinidad in the Atlantic, and proclaimed himself king of that territory under the title of James I. From being a mere baron, he is now His Majesty.

THE Hungarian ministry's existence is jeopardized owing to its unpopularity. The Hungarian people are agitating for a republic with Kossuth's son as its first president. "Hungary for the Hungarians" is the battle-cry of the revolutionary party in that country. Louis Kossuth's teachings are being vindicated, although that hero and patriot has passed into "the shadow of the valley of death." "Freedom," as Thomas Davis sang, "springs often from a hero's life, but oftener from his ashes."

THE ladies of the W.C.T.U. are highly wroth with the action of Mrs. Cleveland in breaking a bottle of champagne over the bow of the steamship St. Louis. She was requested by the unions of different States to use water. They even sent that lady handsome bottles of that liquid, filtered in the most approved fashion. This request was ignored. These prohibition oddities are the most intolerant of cranks.

IT seems that Victoria of England is becoming physically weak; but her growing infirmities do not prevent that old lady from continuing her match-making between her poor grand-children with scions of wealthy royal and imperial families. One of the London correspondents of a New York syndicate says that "the queen is drawing up a list of impoverished young princes and princesses of her family, still unwedded, and is going to provide them with wealthy parties of the bluest of blood." The little old woman is very astute. She refuses to hand over a decent dowry to any grandson or granddaughter, if the other "party" is wealthy.

MR. MAX O'RELL was asked by a reporter if he ever came in contact with any of the Irish in the Australian colonies, to which the French humorist replied: "There are very few Irish in Australia." Max is quite incorrect in this statement. Cardinal Moran, in a recent speech at Sydney, observed that the Catholics formed one-half of the members of Christian churches in the colonies, and these Catholics were exclusively Irish born, or of Irish descent. The Cardinal, who is a resident of Australia, should know more about the number of its Irish inhabitants than a tourist-lecturer who spends only a month or two in that colony.

'TIS strange how little one knows of the affairs of our neighbors. An English journal, in an article on clubs and peculiar social organizations mentions as perhaps the most pathetic of these commonly supposed pleasurable associations that yclept the "Stay-a-Bed" Club, whose headquarters are in Chicago. It is open to both sexes and was originated by a lady who has been hopelessly invalided for upwards of fifteen years. The necessary qualifications for membership are confirmed invalidism and the ability to read letters from, and write letters to, the other members of the Stay-a-Bed Society.

WE regret to learn that John Redmond's health has been so impaired by several severe operations for dental trouble that his physicians have insisted in his taking a sea voyage. He is expected to start for the Cape during the present week, and to be absent for about two months.

### STATUES UNVEILED.

**Images of the Virgin Mary and the Sacred Heart Consecrated at the Cathedral.**

The images of the Virgin Mary and the Sacred Heart were unveiled last Sunday night in the Holy Name cathedral. Admission was by card, but the seating capacity was taxed so greatly that chairs were placed in the aisles and the walls were lined with those who could not find seating accommodations.

The vestments of the participating clergymen blazed with rich embroidery and the twenty-four acolytes who entered the chancel by two and two when the service began wore scarlet gowns with snowy linen surplices. His Grace Archbishop Feehan was present throughout the solemn pontifical vespers, but took no part in this service. On either side of the throne sat the chaplains; to the right, the Rev. Father Hugh McGuire of St. James' church, while the Rev. Father Tighe occupied a position to the left of the throne. Thirty-five priests were seated inside the chancel rail. The vesper service was conducted by the Rt.-Rev. E. J. Dunne, bishop of Dallas, Texas. The Rev. N. J. Mooney acted as the bishop's deacon and the Rev. F. J. Barry as his subdeacon. The officers of the service were the Rev. James Clancy and the Rev. McDonnell, deacons of honor; the Rev. R. Dunne, high priest; the Rev. P. J. Muldoon, master of ceremonies. The sermon was by the Rev. Father Calmer of the Marquette college, Milwaukee.

Archbishop Feehan, accompanied by three priests and several acolytes, two of whom bore lighted tapers, approached the niche which held the statue of the Sacred Heart and performed the ceremony whereby the latter was made blessed. The same rites were executed before the image of the Virgin, after which the benediction was given by the archbishop. The side altars, which are adorned by these masterpieces of the sculptor's art, were decorated with white chrysanthemums, roses and carnations.

The statue of the Sacred Heart, given by the League of the Sacred Heart of the parish, and the statue of the Blessed Virgin, given by the young women of the parish, are the works of Joseph Sibbel of New York. They are both of Carrara marble, life size, and are of the sculptor's own conception. That of the Sacred Heart represents the Savior in a supplicating attitude asking the homage of mankind, and that of the Virgin represents her in a meditative mood, with hands folded on her breast, with head bowed in an attitude of prayer. The statue of the Sacred Heart is to the right of the main altar, the Blessed Virgin to the left. The drapery of both is considered superb. The folds of the Virgin's gown are chiseled in intricate and original design, and the Savior's gown is carved in simple yet graceful lines. Mr. Sibbel is also the designer and sculptor of the embossed Stations of the Cross, for which the cathedral is famed. The statue of the Archbishop in the Educational Department at the World's Fair was his. The sculpturing works in the cathedrals of Hartford, Conn., and Providence, R. I., were designed by him and done under his supervision.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

### DERMOTT OF GLANDORE.

**A Ballad of Other Days.**

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

There was no finer bouchal in Carbery than he—
No bolder boatman scaled a rock, or dared the raging sea,
Oh, true as steel, and tried as gold, and faithful to the core
To Ireland's glorious cause was Dermott of Glandore.

His sinews were as strong as oak that caps the mountain's crest,
And fifty inches was his girth, when measured 'round the chest,
While in his vamps oh, faith, he stood some six feet nine and more—
My soul! he was a Finn McCool—was Dermott of Glandore.

Oh, when the foemen came one day to burn and devastate
The little town by Cleena's waves in far-famed Ninety-Eight,
Through their red ranks with giant's strength, and tiger's wrath he tore,
And, with his comrades by his side, he chased them from Glandore.

And when on Beara's heights he camped, an outlaw with his men,
Full oft he fought the Hessian scouts, and drove them to the glen—
Oh! well 'twould be for Ireland, boys, if she had but a score
Of chosen chiefs, as brave and bold as Dermott of Glandore.

He was as bold in courtin' as he was in the fray;
When Peggy's parents thwarted him, he bore the maid away,
And with the blarney on his tongue, such lovin' oaths he swore—
He brought her back next day the bride of Dermott of Glandore.

He, too, was first in hurlin' and agile in the chase,
And in the dance the piper failed with him to keep apace;
The eagle in his erie, where it looks upon the shore,
Was not so proud or stately-like as Dermott of Glandore.

And yet no fawn, or cooin' dove was gentler, faith, than he,
When he would sit at home and chat with Peggy on his knee,
His soul was like a flash of light, or sunbeam ripplin' o'er—
A type of Ireland's truest Celt was Dermott of Glandore.

Ho, still they spake on summer eves of him, the peerless one,
Where Ilen flows, and Cleena glows, a jewel in the sun;
And young eyes blaze, when old lips tell from Ross to Baltimore
The oft told deeds—the daring deeds of Dermott of Glandore.

**When So Many** people are taking and deriving benefit from Hood's Sarsparilla, why don't you try it yourself? It will build you up. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong.

**Hood's Pills** cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Try a box.

### AT THE THEATRES.

**The Schiller.**

Miss Marie Wainwright, that charming and accomplished American actress, supported by an exceptionally strong dramatic company, will be seen in her new play, "Daughters of Eve," at the Schiller theater next week, commencing Sunday evening, Dec. 2. Marie Wainwright, always a great public favorite, has this season made a marvellously popular hit in "Daughters of Eve," written for her by A. E. Lancaster and Julian Magnus, who several years ago wrote that successful play "Conscience." This new society drama, "Daughters of Eve," illustrates an interesting and romantic story, full of tender human interest, and wherever it has been seen this season it has been unanimously received with enthusiasm. In a word, it is certainly one of the greatest society comedies put upon the modern stage. It was produced in New York Oct. 22 last, and was received by the press and the public with an extraordinary degree of enthusiasm. Its production at the Schiller theatre will be something unusually elaborate. Thomas Moses, the well-known scenic artist of the house, has prepared a series of charming stage pictures for its scenic embellishment. Miss Wainwright, always noted for her extremely rich and beautiful stage costumes, will be seen in some exquisitely beautiful dresses, and the costuming of the numerous other ladies of the cast will be especially elegant. Miss Wainwright has achieved such a great success in "Daughters of Eve" in New York that its production in Chicago at the Schiller next week is waited with a very keen interest.

Charles Dickson, in his amusing latest success, "A Jolly Good Fellow," succeeds Marie Wainwright at the Schiller theatre.

**The Lincoln Theatre.**

Three young women of unusual, striking and widely differing types of beauty are Miss Lansing Bowan, Miss Lillian Schovelin and Miss Una Abell, who have been selected as actresses of merit for Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper's splendid revival of Bronson Howard's society comedy, "Young Mrs. Winthrop," which is promised us early in January at the Lincoln theatre.

### ONE OF THE FRENCH LEGION.

**How Bravery Blotted Out the Past.**

The French Foreign Legion is famous the world over recalling stories of martial glory and romantic bravery of far greater interest than the creations of modern fiction. It is a relic left of the glories of the Middle Ages, and the following true story of crime, suffering and repentance reads like a page from the history of a few centuries ago instead of an occurrence of the last ten years. It was told a few weeks since by an old French colonel whose own glorious past was spoken to with more than sufficient eloquence by two sabre cuts across the forehead and the little cross worn on his breast. This was the colonel's story:

"Before the Council of War in Marseilles a few weeks ago, there was a trial of great interest. It was that of a deserter and a fugitive from justice. Some eight years previously, it appears, a handsome man of soldierly bearing had asked at one of the recruiting stations of the border French towns if he might join as a private in the French Legion. He gave the name of Ruchonnet, and said he was a Swiss. He was enrolled, according to custom, no investigation being made into his history, sent to Tonquin and by his good conduct and bravery very soon became a corporal. One day his company was ordered to take a strong fort defended by 300 Chinese. The assault was a most desperate one and the captain and lieutenant were both killed. To step to the front, wave his sword in the very face of death and call on his men to follow was Ruchonnet's impulse. A few minutes later he was seen to enter the gate of fort which at once surrendered. He was wounded, but honor and success work speedy cures, and on his recovery he received the public thanks of his superior officers, and was made sergeant. Still continuing to distinguish himself he was promoted in 1887 to be adjutant of his regiment, and was decorated with the military medal. After three years in Tonquin, in 1890 his detachment was ordered to Algiers, where his exemplary conduct soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the coming men of the Foreign Legion. One day, however, he went to his colonel and declared he wished to make a confession. 'My name is not Ruchonnet,' he began to the much astonished colonel. 'I am Camuzet, who was formerly marshal of armories and chief of artillery. In 1884 I was sentenced by the Fifteenth Army Corps to twenty years at hard labour for military mal-administration. I fled to Switzerland, but unable to bear my exile, and anxious, if possible, to rehabilitate myself assumed the name Ruchonnet, and in a small border town where I was altogether unknown enlisted in this Legion.' The colonel immediately advised him to surrender himself to the authorities at Marseilles, promising him all the help in his power. He told his own story to the court, and finished with the words, "I committed a grave crime, but I have endeavored to make it good by shedding my blood for my beloved country.' Any defense by his advocate, M. Demange, was entirely unnecessary. His case was won. The verdict was one of acquittal, and he returns to Algiers as Camuzet to take up his soldiery duties and to wear the honors he so worthily gained."

**A Chance to Make Money.**

I saw one of your subscribers tell in your columns a few weeks ago how she made money selling Dish Washers. I wrote to the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa., and obtained one of their Dish Washers and tried it myself first. It is just lovely; you can wash and dry the dishes for a family in two minutes, without touching your hands to a dish or putting them in hot water. I made the first day, $5.00, and everybody wanted a Dish Washer just as soon as they saw me wash their dishes. Since then I have made as high as $18.00 a day, and I believe that I can get enough money to keep my brother at school this winter and have money in the bank, too. Any lady or gentleman can do as well as I am doing, I am sure, as I had no experience. When everybody wants to buy, it is not hard to sell. Anyone can get information by writing the above firm, and I am glad to add my experience, because I think it is my duty to others to help them over the hard times. VIRGINIA HERNE.

**Local Catholic News.**

Right Rev. Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, was in the city last week, the guest of Father Dowling, of St. Ignatius College.

There were Thanksgiving services, consisting of a high mass in the church of the Holy Name, Thursday morning at 9 o'clock.

Next Sunday will be the first of Advent, the four weeks' preparation for the feast of Christmas. It is also the beginning of the ecclesiastical year.

The Young Men's Institute attached to St. Columbkill's church held a reception Thanksgiving night in Beek's Hall, No. 164 Warren avenue.

The Young Men's Library Association of St. Michael's parish gave an entertainment Wednesday evening in the School hall, corner of North avenue and Hudson streets.

The first lecture of the Sodality Lecture Course for the season of '94-5 will be given in the hall, corner May and Eleventh streets, Monday evening, Dec. 3. The Rev. Father Berberich, the well known Jesuit scientist, will deliver the lecture, and has chosen for his subject, "Scientific Curiosities." The Sodality Glee Club and Dramatic Club will furnish a few numbers of literary and musical selections. Admission only by card.

### GAELIC POETRY.

**Conniach Glas an Fhoghmhair.**

Deir an "Craoibhin Aoibhinn" i "n-Dántaibh na m-Bárd Connachtach" nach bh-fuil mórán órán Gaedhilge is mó cliú ná "Conniach Glas an Fhóghmhair," acht gur beag dsoine a bh-fuil eólas aca air anois, agus gur deacair é d'fhághail gan a bheith measgtha suas le órán éigin eile. Ag seo sios é mar thóg an sgríbhneóir é i n-Eirinn mos mó ná deich m-bliadhain ó shoin. Is binn an fonn atá leis, agus tá sé cinnte go bh-fuil sé air óránaibh deasa na Gaedhilge.

Air chonniach glas an fhóghmhair, a mhile stóirin, do dheare me thú,
Ba deas do sheasamh i m-bróig, a's ba ró-dheas do leagan súl.
Do chúl air dhath an ómra, 'nua chóirmiaidhe fighte dlúth,
'S é mo leun nach lánamhuin pósta sinn air bórd loinge triall 'unn siúbhail.
Ceud slán d'an bhliadhain bhi n-uirri ann, 's beag doilghios bhi orm féin mo cúmha,
Bhí cuach as Beul na muilte 'gainn, 'gus ceann beag eile as condae an Lóghmha,
Sin rud nár órduigh Muire dháinne, feidil agus cláirseach chídin:
Acht 's i mo chuach-sa rug bárr uile orra, 's i an sinfhir a bhuain díom mo shnáadh.
Nach cuma liom-sa féin cia bhéidh siad ag luadh no ráth,
Bheurfad cuairt agus ceud annsa taobh ag a bh-fhuil mo ghráth;
'S i leanndubh bhárr na g-craebh i, agus geug-fínin an bhrollaigh bháin,
Ag a d-tug mé seare mo chléibh, agus ní sheunfad é air fhearaibh Fáil.*
Chur mé litir sgriobhtha ag mo mhian agus casaoid gheur,
Agus tháinig sí aris chugam 's a croidhe léithe i m-bárr a cléibh,
A cum ba gile mine no an sioda, agus no clámhach na n-eun,
A's is trom an osna gnidhim 'nuair a smuainim a bheith sgaradh léi.
A chomrádaidh na páirte, tá'n bás orm anois le tart,
Beannacht Righ na n-Grass dhuit, a's tabhair an chárt so lionta air ais,
Seo guinea buidhe 'nn do láimh dhuit agus buain thú féin do éilighadh as,
Go n-dámaoidne sláinte an chúil áluinn, mo challin deas!
Acht tá mo ghrádh-sa pósta, 's ní'l óig-bhean eile anois le fághail,
A thógfadh dhiom-sa an bhrón acht smóilin an bhrollaigh bháin.
A mhná, ná déanaidh iongnadh dhe, nior bh'é bhí 'sau g-cineamhuin rómhainn,
Go suidhfinn le n-a taoibh no go minighmis d'á chéile ár m-brón.

*Sean-amm air Eirinn.

**A Pleasant Surprise.**

On Thursday of last week Francis B. O'Gallagher was treated to a surprise party at his home, 5532 Centre avenue, by the members of the Centre Literary Club. Music and refreshments were brought by the visitors. The freedom of the house was immediately tendered them, and with dancing, singing and recitations, the wee sma' hours of the morning stole on the jolly party unawares. Among those present were: Mesdames Bridget Leonard, Kate O'Donnell, Mamie Popejoy, Julia O'Leary, Misses Mary Connolly, Lottie Denaney, Clara Graham, Florence Jenners, Maggie Donovan, Nora Donovan, Barbara Paterson, Lizzie Paterson, D. Paterson, Kate Overton, Jessie Eraman, Rena Devenney. Messrs. W. H. Popejoy, John Leonard, Timothy Leonard, Sam Overton, John Denaney, Patrick Connolley, William Jenners, James Jenners, M. Myrtle, Tim Reidy, C. O'Leary.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

**129 Years Old.**

A most remarkable case of longevity is just reported from Liberia, West Africa, the country where the little black lady "Aunt Martha" resides. The death is announced, from Grand Bassa, Liberia, of Henry Leadville, who is said to have attained the remarkable age of 129 years. Leadville was born in Missouri, and emigrated from there to Liberia in 1889. At this time he would have attained the age of 124 years. He settled at a place called Fortsville, and was known to the people as "Uncle Henry." The old man became possessed of one of the finest country seats in the rural district of Grand Bassa, and just before his death had the pleasure of gathering the first crop of coffee from trees which he had planted when he first settled in Liberia in the spring of 1889. His daughter, who is also of a good age, succeeds to the old man's property.

**Cold Climates and Longevity.**

"Cold climates are always productive of vigorous animal existence," said Prof. Morton Bidwell. "I know this to be a fact from recent studies that I have made of various climatic conditions and their effect. Now I have found that the life of a people living in a tropical climate is comparatively short. Not only their physical life, but their life as a nation is affected by this curious law. In evidence of this latter assertion I can point to all the short-lived governments that have arisen and fell in the heated zones of this new continent. Everybody is aware of the constant revolutions and uprisings in Mexico, Central America and the South American republics. Whereas, North throughout the temperate regions, has remained for a hundred years but little disturbed. Africa is a constant battle-ground for the blacks, and Southern Asia and Southern Europe have ever been the scene of internecine conflicts. On the other hand Russia has remained undisturbed for centuries, the people being apparently calmed by the cool climatic conditions. So too, with Sweden and Norway, Denmark and the North Germany provinces. These nations as individuals are phlegmatic. They are not easily moved to resentment except where the burdens imposed are of the most tyrannical nature. So it happens that the governments have lived on for centuries, their kings tracing their ancestry back through the ages until they lose their record in the barbaric period of the Roman domination. The Scandinavian (which term comprises as a type-name most of the inhabitants of Northern Europe) are long-lived, many of them reaching the extreme old age of 115 years. The Scandinavian records are full of the names of men who lived to exceeding old age, while the remarkable names of the southern nations are always coupled with the statement of an early death."

### ANCIENT IRISH POETRY.

The literary genius of the ancient Irish, and its influence on the modern world, receives the following tribute from the *Quarterly Review*, a peridical in which anything of the kind would hardly be looked for:

"The Celtic tree, the oak which bears within it a heart of fire, is not dead. Ossian himself, coming with ancient harp from the fairy mound, and playing the melodies which still breathe in the under-world, has held our moderns captive. Nothing now touches the finest chords in poetry, unless it has some reminiscence of the days that are no more. It is not Virgilian but Celtic pathos which has stolen into our enchanted cup, brimming over with the wine of the gods. As the foreground of civilized life becomes a battle-ground, with squadrons of misery in their rags and tatters thronging to it, the high distant light grows, as by some law of compensation, more transparent and aerial; the fine colors of sunset, as delicate as any dream, mount up and take their station in the sky. For the times are changing, and never was there an age when the poet, seeking inspiration among the 'grassy barrows of the happier dead,' might find it more easily. * * * In this grass-grown Celtic literature, why should he not find the inspiring loneliness that will enable him to breathe and muse? The land of memories with its purple hills, its changing April sky, and the mists which have entangled in their folds a golden gleam, is surely Innisfail, overspread with magic forests from the beginning, and keeping still as a fringe for its enchanted lakes the arbutus and the rowan trees. Its ancient stones have carved upon them the Ogham writing; they whisper of gods and heroes in a speech hard to be understood, so long has it passed from the minds of men. As the poet looks around him in that solitude, he will catch a glimpse of forms that, like the glorious clouds that forever haunt Niagara, rise up and turn to shapes of loveliness, melting in the sunlight while he watches them. Afar off, from the fairy hill, come in faintest dreathings the music which has enthralled the bardic poets, from Ossian down to Carolan, and which Moore, though he could not speak their language, has married to verse as spiritual and light-moving as if Finvara himself had chanted it. And remote, as in sullen pride, from these trooping elves with their raiment of silk and their fantastic merriment, the lonely but more awful spirits of the waste have set their dwelling—the Leannan Sidhe, who has driven the poet insane with love of her, and the monsters of the brook or the glen lying in wait until mortals shall venture nigh to them. Yet more distant, in a glimmering dawn, appear but as clouds on the horizon those that ruled as gods in Erinn, strange, doubtful lineaments, uncertain if of the sky or the nether deeps. Their names survive—the rest is conjecture and mere oblivion. But, unlike the countries of today, which are covered over with Hebrew, Helenic and Roman institutions, so that the primitive life has been hidden away as in a palimpsest, this island neither banished nor ceased to believe in its Druids, magicians and elemental tribes. Its faith was large enough, or else so childlike, that it could accept in all its fullness the doctrine that life is everywhere, and that matter, how lowly soever we may deem it, has the power to influence the spirit for good or evil—*plena omnia Jovis*. Strict science throws out many a shining thread in the direction of this old theology. But the poet? How can he sing at all, unless, in some fine sense, he gives to the universe a life that is more than allegory and symbol? It is for him in his brave solitude to confront our narrow-chested existence of the cities: to reveal the true sun-god, who is man caught up to a glory not his own; and by the wisdom which has in its permitted degree learned the secret of eternal things, to take from the strength of the crowd its rudeness, and to set forth in his mystic song the beauty of a life at one with nature."

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is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send two stamps for circular and Free Sample to MARTIN RUDDY, Registered Pharmacist, Lancaster, Pa. NO POSTALS ANSWERED. For sale by all first-class druggists everywhere. Peter Van Schaack & Sons, Rob't Stevenson & Co.; Morrison, Plummer & Co., and Lord, Owen & Co., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ill.

**A Love Test.**

This tale is in the Orient: A lady one day found a man following her, and asked him why he did so. His reply was, "You are very beautiful, and I am in love with you." "You think me beautiful, do you? There is my sister over there. You will find her much more beautiful than I am. Go and make love to her." On hearing this the man went to see the sister, but found she was very ugly, so he came back in an angry mood and asked the lady why she had told a falsehood. She then answered, "Why did you tell me a falsehood?" The man was surprised at this accusation and asked when he had done so. Her answer was: "You said you loved me. If that had been true, you would not have gone to make love to another woman."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**PERSONAL.**

Mr. Michael S. L. Begley, a young man prominent in Irish affairs in this city, left on the 19th ult. for Ireland, sailing from New York on the 21st. Mr. Begley is a native of Tuam, and intends spending six months among his old acquaintances there, who hold him in high esteem for the same lovable and patriotic qualities which endeared him to so many of his fellow countrymen and citizens in America. THE CITIZEN wishes him a pleasant voyage and hopes to greet him on his return with his many friends here, and with the same earnestness which will characterize the reception tendered to him when he arrives in his native town.

**Something Interetisng to Every Family.**

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

**What $16.00 Will Do.**

It will pay your passage from Chicago to New York over the Erie lines, in as comfortable a car as any one could ask for, and on a train that runs through solid without change. If you are thinking of going East, or bringing friends from there, or from the old country West, it will pay you to write to, or call on F. W. Buskirk, the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Erie, whose office is 605 Western Union building, Chicago. It is a sure thing that he can save you money.

**Look Out for Cold Weather**

but ride inside of the Electric-Lighted and Steam-Heated Vestibule Apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "for further particulars see small bills." Small bills (and large ones also) will be accepted for passage and sleeping-car tickets by all coupon ticket agents. For detailed information address George H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF MARTIN DELANEY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Delaney, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, Illinois, November 30, 1894.

MARGARET DELANEY,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Martin Delaney, deceased.
Francis T. Colby, Attorney for Executrix.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PATRICK KENNEDY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Kennedy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 30, 1894.

[illegible],
Administrator, with the will annexed of Patrick Kennedy, deceased.
Francis T. Colby, Attorney for Administrator, with the will annexed.

JAMES BURNS
ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.
Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.
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SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. William Kirby, Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, vs. Johanna Fitzgibbons and Thomas F. Fitzgibbons, Edward J. Fitzgibbons, Julia M. Fitzgibbons, Johadna Fitzgibbons, John R. Fitzgibbons and Morris Fitzgibbons, minors, Charles L. Schaar, individually and as Trustee, Franz Koch and Charles L. Schaar, composing the firm of Schaar, Koch & Company. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 21st day of November A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, Robert Fitzgibbons had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate (or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of said decedent), situated in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lots numbered Eighty-five (85) and Eighty-six (86) in Brown's Addition to the City of Chicago, said Lot Eighty-six (86) above mentioned will be sold subject to a Trust Deed dated July 21, 1890, given by said Robert Fitzgibbons and Johanna Fitzgibbons, his wife, to Charles L. Schaar, Trustee, to secure his note of even date with said Trust Deed, for the sum of $300, and subject also to the Dower rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Said Lot Eighty-five (85) above described will be sold subject to the Dower and Homestead rights therein of said Johanna Fitzgibbons, widow of said decedent. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of Deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 22, 1894.
WILLIAM KIRBY,
Administrator of the Estate of Robert Fitzgibbons, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the Estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Monday, the 24th day of December A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent, John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a Trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Nov. 20, 1894.
PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs, 150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

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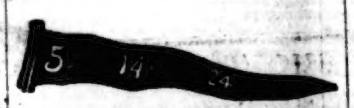
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